



Spring Time Is Hope Time—by JOHN KABEL

BERT HOOVER...*The Fifth Freedom*

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE...*Poison Gas, Beware!*

MAN HARVEY...*Fit Men Fight Best!*

EDWIN W. JAMES...*Central America's Burma Road*

the April

Rotarian 1943



What did *you* do today ... for Freedom?

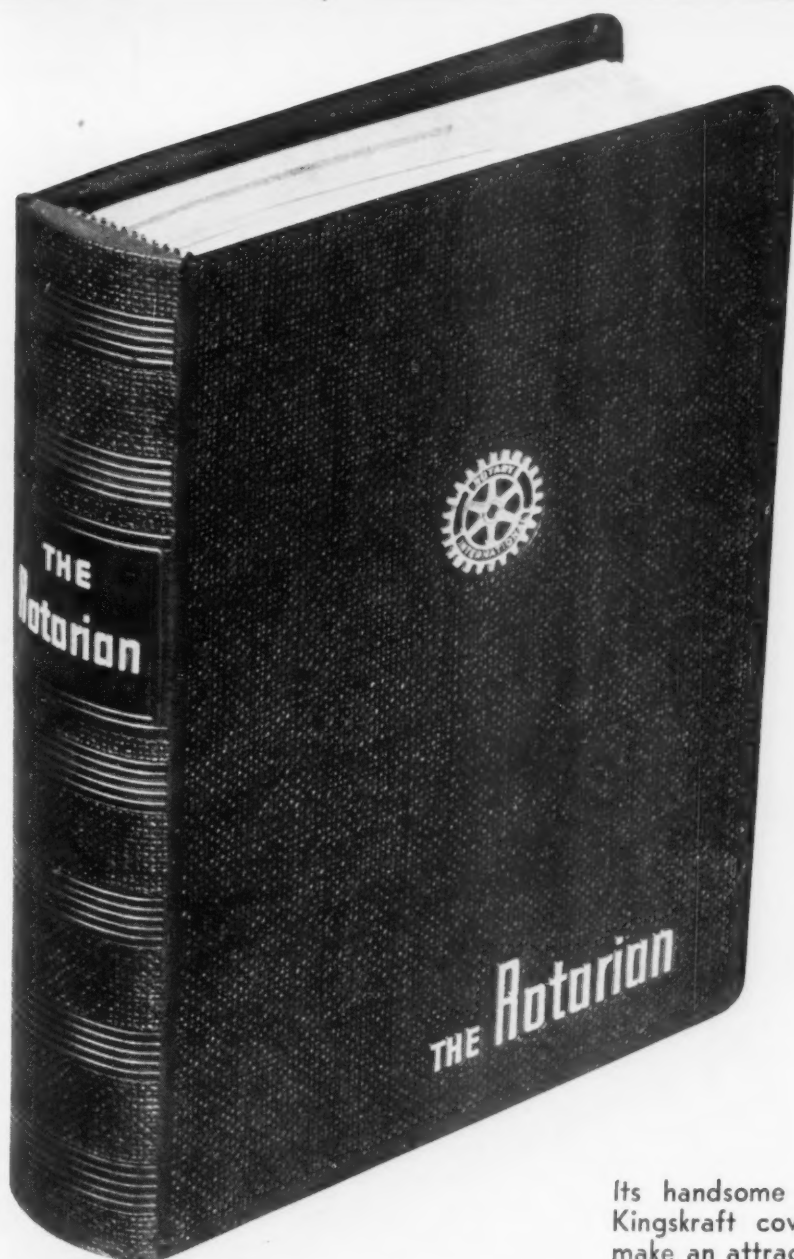
Today, at the front, he died ... Today, what did *you* do?
Next time you see a list of dead and wounded, ask yourself:

"What have *I* done today for freedom?

What can I do tomorrow that will *save* the lives of
men like this and help them win the war?"

To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well!

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***The* ROTARIAN**

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The Rotarian Magazine
35 E Wacker Drive
Chicago, Ill

R4
Bowling Green, Ky
Jan 24 - 1943

Gentle men: - I saw a copy of your magazine
- "A World to Live In" at the library - I'd like
to have a copy to read more carefully - I am
fifteen years old now + when I'm older maybe
I can be a Rotarian - I'm interested in History
- music - Peace + Justice for all people
regardless of race, color or creed -

Do you have any other publications
that will help me in studying + formulating
opinions toward a peace that is fair
and square for all people - The world over -
Thanks -

[Redacted signature]

Here's What's on Youth's Mind!

It's letters like this one from the boy in Bowling Green that have sent the book *A World to LIVE In* into its third printing—for a total of 55,000 copies. And here's what others say:

● "I want a dozen copies for friends of mine outside of Rotary."—*A Wisconsin Rotarian*. "This book will render a distinguished service to our secondary-education program. I want 40 copies."—*A High-School Professor*. "Each of our high-school guests will be given a copy—we think it an appropriate gift."—*A Club President*. "Send 20 for our Club."—*A Washington Rotarian*. "This book has been issued at a most opportune moment. Rotary has performed a worthwhile service in making it available."—*An Ambassador in Washington, D. C.*

● It's small—96 pages and of pocket size, convenient for odd-time reading. Many Rotary and other groups are using it as a discussion handbook. One national non-Rotary organization sponsoring study of post-war problems ordered 1,000 copies for this purpose! . . . It gets at such questions as: *Are empires a thing of the past? How is science changing our lives? Are men incurably selfish? Must the world be policed?*

Contributors:

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John Dewey
Will Durant
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William O. Douglas
Arthur Holly Compton
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25¢

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The ROTARIAN, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago



Comment on ROTARIAN articles
by readers of THE ROTARIAN

A Note to Speakers

From HERMANN S. FICKE, Rotarian
University of Dubuque
Dubuque, Iowa

As a teacher of public speaking, I can appreciate the value of the training which Rotarians of the Alberni District, British Columbia, Canada, are getting in their "Spokes Club" [see "Unaccustomed As I Was," March ROTARIAN]. I hope other Rotary Clubs take up the idea.

Here is something which has been on my mind lately in listening to public speakers at Rotary meetings. At times one hears confidential information presented in public, accompanied by the words, "This is strictly off the record." In a time of world crisis the speaker should remember that others than Rotarians may hear his remarks. A safe rule would be this: "If you wish to keep something off the record, do not say it."

A Letter from England

Relayed by A. B. MARTIN, Rotarian
Manager, Kewanee Boiler Corp.
Chicago, Illinois

Stanley High is entirely right in his stressing of the importance of cheerful mail to soldiers [see *Mail Is a Munition*, March ROTARIAN]. I am reminded, however, that there can be a two-way flow. Stephen J. Kelly, associated with the Board of Education here in Chicago, was recently greatly cheered by a communication from Ernest M. Mellor, Chairman of the International Service Committee of the Rotary Club of Utttoxeter, England. I think it worth quoting:

We had the pleasure of having your son as our guest at luncheon this week, together with some other officers. They are a fine lot of young men. We thought you would like to know that your son looked fit and well, happy, and in good spirits, looking forward to victory.

It was really good to have them with us and as our movement started in Chicago, we told them they must look on a visit to us as coming home. The only trouble is the time to get in. We should be very happy to see them often, so that they could make friends. They seemed to enjoy the little break from routine and what they have to tell us helps to bring us all closer together. They will not find us stiff or insular. We want to know more of the outlook of the U.S.A. so that we can work together for lasting goodwill. . . .

Beals Is Right

Believes Mrs. J. K. MACPHERSON
Wife of Rotarian
San Francisco, California

Years ago the Rotary Club of Mazatlán, Mexico, was kind enough to ask me to be the guest of honor at a *Gran Noche de Damas* [Great Ladies Night]. For me, a young Mexican girl, it was a thrilling affair. A few months afterward I was sent to a convent in southern California to finish my education. Although I thought I knew all about United States ways of living, this helped me better to understand my adopted country, as later on I married a North

American, who is a San Francisco Rotarian.

I was pleased, therefore, when I read Carleton Beals' *Certain Americans in the Tropics* [March ROTARIAN], because he emphasizes to travellers the need of understanding the cultures and ways of doing things in countries they visit.

Mexico, for example, is a land of contrasts—of enormous wealth and pitiful poverty, of romance and primitive beauty. When I hear it analyzed erroneously, I know the speaker has not caught its true spirit. Naturally, we Mexicans differ from the people of the United States in many ways. We are a sentimental, sensitive, courteous, conservative, and sometimes very impractical and undisciplined race. We work and enjoy life without the haste of the neighbor to the north.

I admire North Americans immensely and wish we had some of their magnificent qualities, but many times I have asked myself: How can persons judge a whole nation and have emphatic opinions about it by merely visiting it, without knowing the language in order to learn what goes on in the minds of the natives?

On the other hand, Mexican people of average background picture North Americans as always thinking in terms of money, with loose morals (some of your moving-picture films stress this idea and many women travellers do not conduct themselves properly), lack of manners and knowledge of the finer things, and an aggravating feeling of superiority toward the poor Mexican. We who know the people of the United States realize this is not a true picture.

I think Mr. Beals has helped the development of international understanding when he says, "... in a foreign land the visitor has to learn how to do a series of simple things in a new way." Let us learn to be tolerant and overlook our neighbors' weaknesses. Let us learn each other's language, culture, and ways. Let us tear down barriers which would block the spread of warm friendship among peoples.

Wear Those Orphan Coats!

Says ROBERT P. GARLAND, Rotarian Electrical-Supplies Manufacturer Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I agree with Elizabeth Hawes, and her challenge to the men on the matter of clothes, with no small amount of enthusiasm [see *Wake Up, Boys!*, March ROTARIAN]. Men are truly slaves to fashion. Note, as just one example, how they insist on wearing matched trousers and coats!



Garland

Well, with taxation increasing by leaps and bounds and the decreasing amount of clothes available to all of us, maybe we'll change our minds. The time has come to practice economy and to discontinue spending money wastefully.

Here's one way to save—and be more comfortable at the same time: Nearly



KEY: (Am.) American Plan; (Eu.) European Plan; (RM) Rotary Meets; (S) Summer; (W) Winter.

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ROTARIANS TRAVEL
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every man's clothes closet contains coats and vests showing little or no wear, but laid aside because the trousers are worn. Why not wear odd trousers with the old coats? College boys delight in it—and save their hard-pressed dads some money. There's no reason why this can't be started at once.

And when the war's over, let's keep on doing it as part of our "declaration of independence" in the matter of clothes!

Rotarian Garland is known as the "daddy of Daylight Saving Time." He spread the idea through the National Daylight Saving Association which he organized.—Eds.

'Last Word' on Women

From EDWIN PARK, Hon. Rotarian Photographer
Oneida, New York

Here is a belated, but perhaps not unfitting, "last word" to *That Woman Question Again!* [see debate-of-the-month, February ROTARIAN]:

The man's the head of the house, as everyone knows who the subject peruses, but the woman is the neck, who turns the head in any direction she chooses.

Regrettably I do not know the author of this bit of wisdom so humorously expressed.

Opportunity on Doorstep

Says STRUBBE McCONNELL, Rotarian Building Contractor
Shreveport, Louisiana

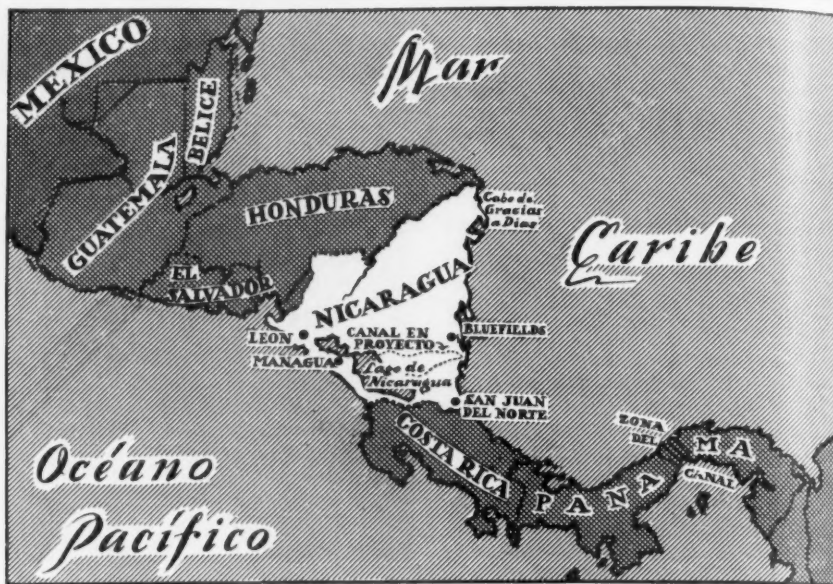
The most outstandingly glorious opportunity in Rotary's history has been dumped right on our doorstep. C. Reeve Vanneman in his *It's Service Still—but Intensified* [February, ROTARIAN] recognizes it when he tells what Rotarians and Rotary Clubs are doing in their nations' war effort. With a little investigation dozens of other ways can be found by which Rotarians as individuals can help to further the war effort. Here are a few suggestions:

1. Make it fashionable to obey all war regulations. Lean over backward to obey them. [Continued on page 57]



GARLAND'S "Use your orphan clothes!" campaign (noted in his letter above) as seen by the Pittsburgh Sun-Telegraph cartoonist.

NICARAGUA-Progressive Republic



THINK of an isosceles triangle wedged into the middle of Central America—and you have a picture of Nicaragua, largest of the Central American republics. Its area—57,143 miles—is about that of Wisconsin.

Physically, Nicaragua is divided into a triangular wedge of difficult-to-reach highlands, a wide bed of wet lowlands—the Mosquito coast—which runs along the Atlantic, and a fertile plain just inland from the Pacific coast, in which more than half of the country's population of 1,380,000 lives.

Columbus was the first white man to view the country—in 1502—and exploring parties established the first colonies in 1519 and 1524. Though Nicaragua has known an unsettled political history, in recent years a great increase in political tranquillity, with resulting economic progress and welfare, has come. Under the Constitution adopted in 1939, the Government is divided into legislative, executive, and judicial branches, with legislative power vested in a two-house Congress, executive power in the President.

Coffee, in terms of value, is usually considered the chief export, but in 1939 gold took leadership. Imports include cotton goods, machinery, iron and steel products, and foodstuffs.

A potential source of income for Nicaragua is a proposed canal (see map), for which the United States has construction rights. The two Governments are sharing costs of Nicaragua's 245-mile link of the Inter-American Highway (see page 10).

Rotary Clubs are found in Managua, the capital; Granada; and Bluefields.

Readers wishing further opportunity to read articles in Spanish will find it in *REVISTA ROTARIA*, published monthly in that language. A year's subscription in the Americas is \$1.50.

PIENSESE en un triángulo isósceles introducido en la mitad de Centro América y se tendrá idea de la forma de Nicaragua, la más extensa de las repúblicas centroamericanas. Su área—57.148 millas—es aproximadamente la misma de Wisconsin.

Topográficamente, Nicaragua está dividida en una cuña triangular de altiplanicies difícilmente accesibles, una ancha extensión de tierras bajas y húmedas—la Costa de los Mosquitos—en el lado del Atlántico, y una llanura fértil próxima a la costa del Pacífico, en la que vive más de la mitad de la población del país—1.380.000.

Colón fué el primer europeo que visitó el país—en 1502—y los primeros colonizadores se establecieron en 1519 y 1524. Por más que la historia política de Nicaragua ha sido agitada, en años recientes se ha disfrutado de mayor tranquilidad política, con el consiguiente progreso económico. De acuerdo con la constitución de 1939, el gobierno se divide en los poderes legislativo, ejecutivo y judicial. El primero lo ejerce un congreso de dos cámaras, y el segundo, el Presidente.

Desde el punto de vista del valor, el café suele considerarse como el producto principal de exportación, pero en 1939 el oro ocupó el primer lugar. Entre las importaciones se cuentan artículos de algodón, maquinaria, artefactos de hierro y acero y comestibles.

Fuente potencial de recursos para el país es el canal en proyecto (véase el mapa), para cuya construcción tienen adquiridos los derechos los Estados Unidos. Los gobiernos de ambos países comparten el costo de construcción de las 245 millas de la Carretera Interamericana que corresponden a Nicaragua (véase la pág. 10).

Hay Rotary clubs en Managua, la capital, en Granada y en Bluefields.

APRIL, 1943

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Lt. Donald C. Mitchell

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—THE CHAIRMEN

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Photo: Nat'l Film Board of Canada

Farm Hand—1943

This, folks, is Duggie. He's a Canadian, every impish inch of him—and, man, what a spud grubber! Proved that last Summer and will again . . . when 100,000 city youngsters help short-handed Dominion farmers take in their crops. Personally, Duggie has set his eye on joinin' the Farm Cadets—but he'll have to grow some. You can learn why from the article on page 31.

The Faith for Which We Fight

By Lt. Donald C. Mitchell

United States Army Air Force

The enemy wounded him and killed his buddies, but what this young flier wants is larger than revenge.

OF 165 AMERICAN flying officers who sailed into Manila one June day two years ago, only ten got out. I am one of them. But I want to go back. In telling you why, I'll give my answer to the question: Why do we fight?

When I joined the Air Corps in September, 1940, I was a young college kid, knew all the answers, and wanted to put my name in lights. My classmates and I weren't thinking about war. We just wanted to fly.

In The Philippines the hardest blow was that there were so few airplanes, and they were of a kind declared obsolete back home. In the six months before war broke out, I had but 70 hours in the air. That was about average. It was the blood and guts of those boys out there, plus favorable terrain and splendid leadership, that made the stand at Bataan possible.

I was lucky—sent down to a southern island and finally evacuated to Australia. But there it was the old story. Not enough equipment—but the same grand old spirit of a small number of fellows carrying on—knowing they weren't expected to fight to win, only to fight a delaying action. Well, I can report that your boys out there never gave an inch, and though the price was too high, *we* can now go on and win because they believe there is something worth fighting for.

What is it? I *felt* it that day when, after a year and a half of hopes, defeat, injuries, and sorrow, I flew into a California sunrise. I'll try to put it into words.

The boys are fighting to keep the home shores free forever, to make it possible for fathers and mothers and children to stand and to look at those green mountains and those blue lakes and to know all of it is theirs to enjoy, *forever!* It's for that day when we again can walk down the street with our girls, drop into the drugstore and meet the gang, take those wonder-

ful picnics and sit at night on the beach by a campfire. It's for the assurance we can build our own homes and raise our own boys and girls and hear them sing and laugh, and watch them grow up as normal children should. . . .

For two days, out there in the southwest Pacific, I sat on a jungle island without food and with the pretty sure prospect of never getting out. In those long hours I had a chance to catch up on some thinking. It's funny the thoughts that come to one at such times. I went over all the things I would do if I ever got home.

I wanted to clamp my teeth into a thick toasted cheese sandwich and then to feel a hot-fudge sundae cool my mouth and trickle down my throat. I recalled all those wonderful times I had had as a boy, with my family and with my friends . . . and later in college. I remembered how I used to take Mother to the movies every Friday night. . . . Then suddenly all the pictures racing across my mind were blacked out by a cold realization that even if I were home, I couldn't go back to all of that. Not yet.

There's a debt for us to pay on, a debt on which even the interest will never be met. We owe it to all those boys and the gallant nurses left behind there in The Philippines and in other lonely spots around the earth. The least we can do is to push through to victory, absolute and complete.

We know now, if we didn't before, that this is no easy job. Ambassador Grew, who lived many years in the East, believes the military caste in Japan must be crushed. That is true. Yet, though

five pilots strafed me while I was in the water and completely helpless, I do not and I cannot hate the Japanese people. Some day when their war lords and those of Germany are extinguished and the people are educated in peaceful ways, they will again be a credit to the society of nations.

Victory, certainly! But victory for a purpose. We had victory in the last war, then threw it away. We dare not do that this time, not if we are to keep faith with Bataan and Corregidor. When the war is won, we must be prepared to maintain a large fleet, air force, and army and to lead peoples of the world so that some day (not in our time!) there will be peace and order *without* large navies and armies. That is, I believe, the faith for which we fight.

But I have a few reasons of my own for wanting to get my hand on a bomber's stick again.

THERE were 13 of us who left Maxwell Field together to go to The Philippines. Only John Hilton and myself are left. . . . And I want to go back because I knew John O'Connell. "O. C." is dead, too, killed by one of the first bombs. And there are Ray Burke and Ed Tremblay and Burt Richards and all those others still reported missing or prisoners. I want to help find them and to prove to them their country did not let them down.

I am alive today because of Lieutenant Rulison. He pushed me out of an uncontrollable plane to safety. "Ruly" didn't save himself. I must take up where he left off, to try to pay a debt to him that I know I can never pay.

Guest  Editorial 

The 5th Freedom



BY HERBERT HOOVER

Only living former President of the United States

THE PRESIDENT of the United States on January 6, 1942, stated that we seek "everywhere in the world" the four old freedoms: freedom of speech and expression, freedom of religion, freedom from fear, freedom from want.

Soon thereafter I called attention to the fact that there is a Fifth Freedom—economic freedom—without which none of the other four freedoms will be realized.

I have stated many times over the years that to be free, men must choose their jobs and callings, bargain for their own wages and salaries, save and provide by private property for their families and old age. And they must be free to engage in enterprise so long as each does not injure his fellowmen. And that requires laws to prevent abuse. And when I use the term "Fifth Freedom," I use it in this sense only, not in the sense of laissez faire or economic exploitation. Exploitation is the negation of freedom. The Fifth Freedom does not mean going back to abuses.

Laws to prevent men doing economic injury to their fellows were universal in civilized countries long before the first World War. In the United States, for example, the State and Federal Governments had established regulation of banks, railroads, utilities, coinage; prevention of combinations to restrain trade; government sup-

port to credit in times of stress; public works; tariffs; limitations on hours of labor and in other directions.

The key of such government action to economic freedom is that government must not destroy but promote freedom. When Governments exert regulation of economic life, they must do so by definite statutory rules of conduct imposed by legislative bodies that all men may read as they run and in which they may have at all times the protection of the courts. No final judicial or legislative authority must be delegated to bureaucrats, or at once tyranny begins.

When Government violates these principles, it sooner or later weakens constitutional safeguards of personal liberty and representative government.

When Government goes into business in competition with citizens, bureaucracy always relies upon tyranny to win. And bureaucracy never develops that competence in management which comes from the mills of competition. Its conduct of business inevitably lowers the living standards of the people. Nor does bureaucracy ever discover or invent. A Millikan, Ford, or Edison never came from a bureaucracy.

And inherent in bureaucracy is the grasping spirit of more and more power. It always resents criticism and sooner or later begins directly or indirectly to limit free speech and free press. Intellectual and spiritual freedom will not long survive the passing of economic freedom. One of the illusions of our time is that we can have totalitarian economics and the personal freedoms. Ten nations on the Continent of Europe tried it and wound up with dictators and no liberty.

The first trench in the battle for the five freedoms is to maintain them in America. That rests upon fidelity not only to the letter, but to the spirit of constitutional government. Failure of Congress to assert its responsibilities or for the Executive to take steps beyond the authority of Congress is a direct destruction of the safeguards of freedom. We badly need a complete overhaul of our governmental relations to the Fifth Freedom if it is to be preserved.

The Fifth Freedom in no way inhibits social reforms and social advancement. In fact, it furnishes the increasing resources upon which such progress can be built. And itself flourishes upon the advancing social aspirations of our people. Social advancement was

This article is Number 20 in the 'A World to LIVE In' series and introduces a sequence of notable statements on aspects of post-war reconstruction of special interest to businessmen.

part of the whole American concept during the whole of our national life. The greatest of all social advances was free education. Next came concern for public health. We have always held it an obligation to prevent suffering from misfortune, to care for widows, orphans, and old age, and those upon whom disaster falls.

The methods have gradually improved from the ancient workhouse, the asylum, and the county hospital to more systematic and more inclusive action. And that more inclusive action has only been possible with the growing wealth born from the Fifth Freedom. For many years in the United States our States and the nation have been gradually developing protection to children, to women, limitation of hours, and safeguards of health in industry. From these 48 laboratories we have seen the development of such actions as public health control, hospitalization, care of children, workmen's compensation, unemployment and health insurance, old-age, widows', and orphans' pensions. They are not new ideas. As we expand in these purposes, there are safeguards to liberty that can and must be preserved.

One of these safeguards is where personal insurance for any purpose is given by the Government it must be contributory. Even where subsidized by the Federal Government it should be administered by the States to limit the growth of centralized bureaucracy and political action.

Liberty has its greatest protection from local not centralized government.

Another concept in all social insurance or pensions must be that the responsibility of the people as a whole is to provide only a reasonable subsistence basis. Beyond that the citizen must look after himself if initiative and self-respect are to be maintained. Today our measures in these matters badly need vigorous overhauling to make them comport with these fundamental principles; to put them upon a "pay-as-you-go" basis; to make them inclusive of everybody; and to make them synchronize and not destroy private institutions and efforts.

A system devoted to development of individuality and personal

freedom is a complicated business. It can destroy its own purposes by foolish action.

Today we are faced with the relation of personal liberty to total war. Our people must be mobilized for that immediate purpose.

We must sacrifice much economic freedom to win the war. That is economic Fascism, for Fascist economics were born of just these measures in the last war. But there are two vast differences in the application of this sort of economic system at the hands of democracies or at the hands of dictators. First, in democracies we strive to keep free speech, free press, free worship, trial by jury, and the other personal liberties alive. And, second, we want so to design our actions that these Fascist economic measures are not frozen into life, but shall thaw out after the war.

Even the temporary suspension of economic liberty creates grave dangers because liberty rapidly

atrophies from disuse. Vested interests and vested habits grow around its restrictions. It would be a vain thing to fight the war and lose our own liberties. If we would have them return, we must hold furiously to the ideals of economic liberty. We must challenge every departure from them. There are just two tests: "Is this departure necessary to win the war?" "How are we going to restore these freedoms after the war?"

We have no right to complain of necessary sacrifices. Our soldiers and sailors are deprived of all their freedoms except the right to grouse a little. But they will expect their freedoms back when they come home.

Under the stress of reconstruction after the war, our liberties will be slow in coming back, but the essential thing in this sort of questions is the direction in which we travel. We must establish the direction now.



MR. HOOVER was born in Iowa, became a successful mining engineer, was U. S. Food Administrator, 1917-19.

Photo: Acme

Central America's Burma

IN CENTRAL AMERICA today men and machines are racing against time—and “U” boats—to complete one of the most urgently needed highways in the Western Hemisphere. They aim, by June 1, to have blasted out, chopped through, and pieced together a road that will link Mexico's southern border with the Panama Canal. A recent visit to the site assured me they will make it.

In pace, the project compares with the Canada-Alaska military highway which was knifed through 1,632 miles of northern wilderness in eight months.

In engineering headaches, it compares with China's Burma Road, for it cuts over some of the roughest terrain in the world. And like that famous Asian highway, it and the road to Alaska will provide safe overland transportation in place of the war-imperilled waterways on which these regions have depended.

Though a rush job and a war job, this new artery is all part of a long-studied master plan. It

closes another integral gap in the great Pan-American Highway from the Rio Grande to Buenos Aires.

That, in general terms, is the picture. The real story lies in the details. Let me relate a few of them. The men who are seeing this big job through, with inestimable help from local populations, are Uncle Sam's engineers—experts from his Public Roads Administration and his Army Engineers Corps. Their specific assignment is to close all gaps—625 miles of them—between the many dead-end links of highway that already exist from the Mexican-Guatemalan border to the Panama Canal. That is a total stretch of 1,550 miles. When the decision to complete it came through, 925 scattered miles of it had long been in use—but had taken 13 years to build. Now our engineers are racing to build the remaining 625 miles in six months!

As in wartime shipbuilding, the need for speed determines road-construction methods. Our aim

in Central America is to ram through a “pioneer road”—a serviceable all-weather road, but no dream highway—that will close up important gaps on frontier sections between El Salvador and Honduras, between Honduras and Nicaragua, between Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and between Costa Rica and Panama. At the top end, the highway connects with the standard-gauge Mexican National Railway system. At the bottom, with the Panama Canal and with the new 55-mile Trans-Isthmian Highway. Another part of the plan calls for an auxiliary road of 175 miles across the Continental Divide in Nicaragua. It will link that country's coasts latitudinally. Into all this road making, the United States, with the coöperation of the Central American Republics and Mexico, is putting 100 million dollars.

So treacherous is the terrain on the Costa Rica-Panama frontier that natives compute distances in “mule days.” When the new road is finished, a truck will “do” in an hour and a half what used to take four “mule days.” As they slash through the jungles and bite into the mountainsides of this rugged country, the engineers follow these three rules to speed the job: (1) improvise; (2) improvise; (3) improvise. With shortages of equipment, manpower, and shipping, it is this kind of determination and ingenuity that is giving the New World the fastest spurts



Rush Road

By Edwin W. James

Chief, Inter-American Regional Office,
Public Roads Administration, United States
Federal Works Agency



CHIEF of Uncle Sam's crews on this "rush" job of road building is—the author himself.

of road building it has ever seen.

Crossing the high cordillera in Costa Rica will in itself be a feat. There the mountains, which march uninterruptedly through Central America and then to Patagonia in South America, rise to more than 12,000 feet above sea level. No wagon roads and few trails lead into this wilderness. Thus, temporary roads on which to bring in machinery and men must be cut through. To get to the main route at one point engineers had to drive a 35-mile road in from the Pacific.

Selection of the route of this Inter-American Highway—which is the name by which the whole system reaching from Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, to the Canal Zone is known—was no small task. An enormous area had to be surveyed; a choice between the Atlantic and Pacific sides had to be made. Had the road gone down the former, it would have had to skirt wide land bulges and peninsulas, and would have been almost twice as long as the final route. Moreover, the chief population centers are on the Pacific side. But—so are the highest mountains. The people of Central America have concentrated at the higher altitudes to avoid the heat and humidity of the lowlands.

It is the steep slopes that put men and machines to their toughest test. Avalanches, cave-ins, and washouts are an ever-present

danger. In places on the Atlantic slope, rainfall reaches 300 inches or more a year. Compare that with an average annual rainfall of less than 45 inches in Northeastern regions of the United States. All road construction, therefore, must be substantial to withstand the downpours of the wet season—which lasts five or six months.

Added to this is the problem of building the road at high altitudes. In spanning the tremendous Continental Divide in Costa Rica, engineers must locate the



USE WHAT'S at hand—anything to ram the road through fast—is the word! This streamlined version of the ancient oxcart works beside high-powered machinery on the link in Nicaragua.



A TRACTOR-DRAWN grader (left) planes down a section of the highway in Guatemala. . . . While in El Salvador a surfacing outfit, relying mainly on men's muscles, gives the road an all-weather topcoat. When complete, the Pan-American Highway System will cover 15,000 miles.

Photos: (top & center) U. S. Public Roads Adm.

highway to climb from 5,000 feet to around 11,000 feet, then down abruptly to 2,500 feet within the short distance of only 55 miles!

Stream crossings are still another problem. In one section in Costa Rica there are 93 drainage crossings over a stretch of road only 52 miles long. During the rainy season these streams become mad torrents. While a concrete sluice covered with a deck serves to bridge many of these crossings, it is often necessary to undertake more substantial bridge construction.

But war is no respecter of difficulties—and the road must go through! Hard as it is to get heavy machinery, skilled engineers, gasoline, labor, and other essentials of fast road construction, I found the job virtually up to schedule on my recent visit. I am constrained to add, after what I saw, that not all the heroes of this war are on the actual shooting fronts. As they battle here, sometimes for their lives, against landslides, swollen rivers, jungle growths, steaming heat, mountain cold, drenching rain, and plagues

of insects, hundreds of fine young men are writing a fighting chapter in the history of these desperate times. The road, as I said, will go through, and on time.

What that will mean to the countries of Middle America cannot be overemphasized. First of all, they have lost most or all of their regular steamship connections with the United States and other markets. They have lost all or part of their normal exports of bananas, coffee, cacao, pineapples, and other tropical products. Normally, in exchange, ships carry back farm and factory machinery, automobiles, radios, household appliances, textiles, drugs, and other products so necessary for Middle America's material progress. War has reduced all this to a trickle. Providing new contacts with outside markets and new avenues for internal trade, the Inter-American Highway will begin to compensate for that loss at once. And in post-war years it will become a richly freighted artery of peace and commerce.

But the road's defense significance takes precedence over all

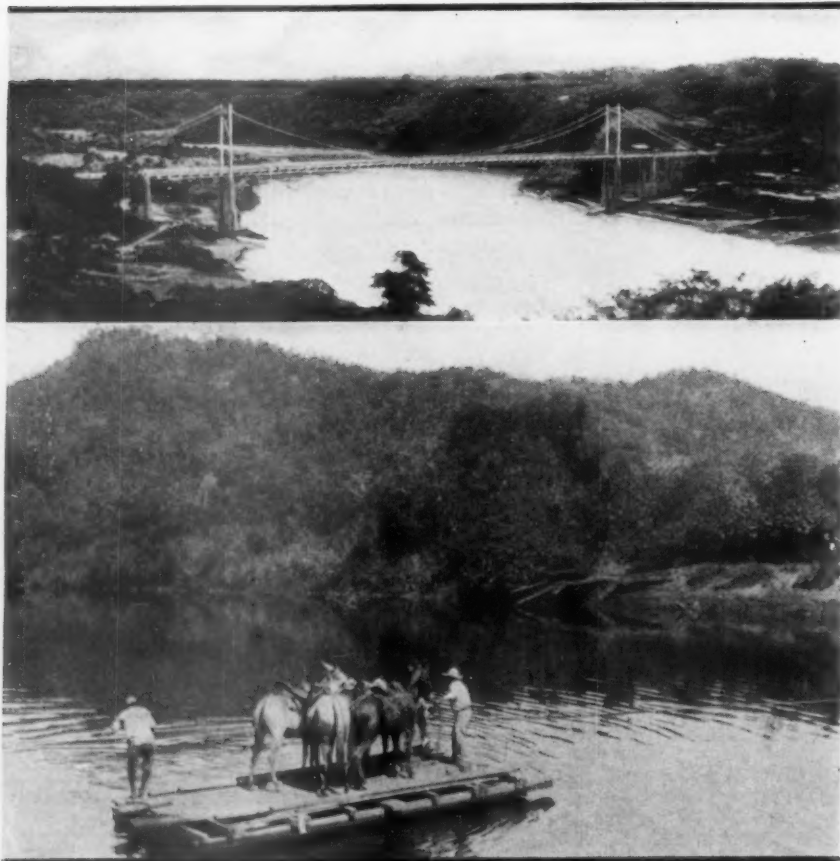
other considerations. The readiness of Central American countries to cooperate with the United States in the program shows how alert they are to it. In event of an attack on the Panama Canal or other territory, this new overland route would have an immediate military use in swiftly moving soldiers, ordnance, and supplies to any point in Central America or the Canal Zone.

It will be some time, however—perhaps 1944—before a motor convoy can roll on its own wheels all the way from the United States-Mexico border to the Canal. Even when the pioneer road in Central America is completed, there will remain a gap in Southern Mexico. From the Rio Grande, the highway in Mexico is completed for about 1,000 miles south to a point some 300 miles south of Mexico City. Except for a few completed but disconnected links, that leaves nearly 450 miles of the Inter-American Highway to be built in Southern Mexico to the Guatemalan border. Mexico is working night and day to finish this section and thus close its link between the United States and the Panama Canal.

This temporary break is, however, spanned by railways. Recently a bridge was hastily thrown across the Suchiate River, on the border between Mexico and Guatemala, to expedite railroad freight between Mexico and Central America. By connecting with the Mexican railroad system, the new pioneer road will provide a direct, overland, torpedo-proof route for traffic north and south between the Panama Canal and the United States.

Since last Summer, according to Rear Admiral Emory S. Land, War Shipping Administrator, the war of attrition against American shipping has declined in effectiveness. Army and Navy action has reduced ship losses. Yet the fight is far from over. The Battle of the Atlantic, indeed, remains one of the principal theaters of the war. As more and more war fronts are opened, as the United Nations move on to the offensive in one area after another, demands on all merchant shipping grow and grow. Such conditions make it readily clear, therefore, that the opening of [Continued on page 53]

Photo: (top) U. S. Public Roads Adm.



OVER TROPICAL rivers once crossable only by primitive cable ferry, steel bridges now carry the Inter-American Highway. This splendid suspension structure is in El Salvador.

Rotary Convention at St. Louis Adapted to War Conditions

PRESIDENT CARBAJAL, having recently completed visits to all parts of the Western Hemisphere and thereby being thoroughly familiar with the deep-seated problems created by the intensification of the war effort, and further having been authorized by the Board of Directors of Rotary International to make changes as might be necessary in plans for the annual meeting to be held at St. Louis, Missouri, in May, has directed our Committee to simplify greatly all plans for that meeting.

The annual International Assembly is basic to the adequate functioning of Rotary International in war or in peace. That meeting, therefore, will constitute the nucleus of the activities essential to the continued functioning of Rotary International during the ensuing fiscal year. The Assembly will be shortened to four days, May 14 to 17. It will be limited to participants designated in the By-Laws of Rotary International. No plans are being made for an Institute, nor will it be possible to accommodate at the International Assembly anyone other than participants.

The Council on Legislation will meet on the 18th. The few essential sessions of the annual meeting will begin on Tuesday, May 18, and conclude shortly after noon of the 20th. The theme of the meeting will be "Rotary Serving — in War — in Peace." Of greatest concern will be consideration by groups of what Rotarians can do right now during the war. How can the manpower of the member Clubs be used to greatest advantage within their respective countries? What plans can be made for the utilization of this manpower in the post-war world? What essential steps must the corporation take to insure maintenance and even an increase of its strength during these difficult days so that it may accelerate its ef-

fectiveness now—and be ready for its greatest service at the conclusion of hostilities?

The revised plans meet current conditions. Due to shortage of labor and food each individual will have to eat where and when facilities are available. While every Rotarian will agree that no Rotary annual meeting is considered successful without the presence of the ladies, it should be recognized that this year entertainment for the ladies will be curtailed. All activities of the meeting will be strictly informal. Each event will be streamlined to the conditions of the day.

The meetings this year are, therefore, "stripped for action" gatherings: an Assembly attuned directly to the anticipated times of the coming fiscal year, a short Council on Legislation to consider the minimum of essential legislation, and about 12 hours of intensified sessions devoted strictly to the activities of Rotarians in the war effort—how can they best serve in war and peace.

Rotary International officials make these changes in accordance with the decision of President Carbajal, who is exercising real leadership to the end that Rotarians everywhere may become active exponents of the theme of the Convention—"Rotary Serving—in War—in Peace."



ROY J. WEAVER, *Chairman*
1943 Convention Committee

Members:

P. HICKS CADLE
ROBERT E. HEUN
CARLOS P. ROMULO
HART I. SEELEY
C. REEVE VANNEMAN

Those Limber Lumbermen

By W. C. Bell

Managing Director, Western Retail Lumbermen's Association

THE 26,000 retail lumber dealers of the United States are a vital force of shock troops on the home front. Most of them have businesses which have been built up with their communities—some through generations. Materials for the nation's churches, schools, homes, and business structures were first assembled in their yards, and then flowed on into community growth, through building services developed by dealers and contractors. It was a complex business that called for able men.

In the Summer of 1940 the Government swung into the first big job of national defense—construction of cantonments, war-industry plants, and defense housing. The stocks, organization, and ability of retail lumber dealers were enlisted. They led the construction drive, making possible the building of more housing units in "critical" areas than all the slow-moving publicly financed programs put together. In rural areas they built for food production—particularly for grain storage.

With actual war, private building was all but stopped. Like north-country blizzards, limitation orders, priorities, amendments, questionnaires, reports, began to blow upon every local lumberyard. The dealer bowed his head to the storm and drove on at his war assignment of maintaining homes, schools, and other structures "essential to the health and safety of the civilian population." In war-industry areas the retail lumber dealer yet has to supply housing, while the rôle of the rural dealer in the all-important war-food production program has grown steadily greater. With little or no chance for inventories or replacements, dealers in building materials are going forward. Some have fallen. Most are fighting.

For example: Windsor Lloyd, of the Lloyd Lumber Company, Nampa, Idaho, serves a farming community. From August 7 to

December 1, 1942, he supplied 160,310 board feet of lumber to 343 customers—an average of 479 feet per sale. Practically all the new building and the repair jobs were needed in the local war-food production program. Initiative and resourcefulness in combing the

It Can Be Done . . .

Every patriotic retailer puts winning the war first. He also wants and deserves to save his business—if he can. How they're doing both in the lumber trade is told here in article No. 2 in the "Retailers on the Alert" series.—Editors.

sources of supply and in advertising what was available in wartime building did the job.

Carl Blackstock, prominent retail lumberman and Rotarian of Seattle, personally scouted sawmills for lumber items not needed for direct war uses. One of his finds was a large "cat and dog" pile of 2 x 3's. With this material

on hand, the Seattle dealer put on an attic-remodelling campaign. Seattle is a crowded war-industry city. The housing shortage is a brake on production. Mr. Blackstock was responsible for hundreds of rooms being provided for war workers.

Everett, like its big neighbor Seattle, also has a housing shortage, and Roy and John Severs of the H. O. Seiffert Lumber Company are working overtime to help the city meet it. First, they built ten homes in the \$5,000 class. Then they got a bigger idea. To the long list of packaged jobs they are selling, they added packaged homes—tiny (18 x 22 foot) houses that sell for \$400 to \$500. Making them up in the company's yards, they deliver the small houses complete to the site. Not fancy, naturally—but a boon to shelter-desperate war workers. The project, along with service to local war industries, is helping the Severs carry the day.

Bernard Lung operates a retail lumberyard in Lake Norden, South Dakota, population 459. In the Spring and Summer of 1942 he built in his yard, from short lengths and odds and ends of lumber, 30 brooder houses, 25 grain bins, 3 corncribs, 15 hog feeders, 33 hayracks, 21 wagon boxes, and a large number of chicken feeders, windmill arms and braces, pitmans for binders and mowers, etc.



HOME remodelling, mainly exempt from wartime restrictions, is the lumberman's lifeline today. Here Rotarian Fred Epperson, of Port Angeles, Wash.—president, by the way, of the Western Retail Lumbermen's Association—inspects a job his own yard and mill supplied.

All items were vital in the production of food in the Lake Norden locality.

Early in 1942 the Crane-Johnson Company of Fargo, North Dakota, foresaw bumper grain crops in all the areas serviced by their 11 line yards. In each yard the building of portable grain bins was begun. Hundreds were supplied. With space at a premium in large grain elevators, an incalculable amount of food was saved for United Nations needs.

L. L. Laffoon, retail lumberman of Sarcoxie, Missouri, obtained a carload of cement—a noncritical material. Typical of the jobs for its use that he searched out was a garage about to fall over. He pointed out to the owner that by building up the foundation two feet the decayed lower part of the old lumber walls could be cut off, while the remainder would be as good as new. Odds and ends of asphalt shingles provided a coat of many colors for the garage. The owner was happy. The job meant conservation for his car and tires.

Wherever Winters are cold, building-materials dealers have campaigned for installations of storm windows and doors, weatherstripping, and ceiling and wall insulation—all in line with the War Production Board's fuel-conservation drive. Most retail lumbermen also sell fuel. A Montana dealer is selling "warmth and comfort" on a contract basis. Starting with an order for fuel, he includes all items of heat conservation in the home, and frequently secures an order for a new heating unit. All may be had on a two-year installment plan, for such services are rated as essential by the Government.

Oregon, too, has its limber lumbermen. Builders in the Eugene and Salem areas were enjoying their greatest boom when the war came along. Things toughened up . . . and it would have been easy to quit. Here's what they did instead: Teaming up, the Eugene Planing Mill, the Midgley Planing Mill, and J. O. Olsen went out after some war business together. Result: a truck-body construction business which, employing scores of local people denied other work, is one of the thrivingest war in-

Photo: Brown



ROTARIAN Carl Blackstock—the Seattle lumber retailer who scouted sawmills for noncritical lumber and sold it through a drive to build attic rooms for war workers.



SON, grandson, and all their crew in the services, Mrs. E. A. Bradfield, of Salem, Oreg., helps her husband keep their yard open. Drives the truck, too, in a pinch.

dustries in this lumber center. In their plants the three firms prefabricate (of Douglas fir) the parts for a standard Army truck body, then shoot them to the assembly center—a huge horse barn on the County Fair Grounds. There, on one of the smoothest-working production lines in the region, workers assemble these "prefabed" parts, hustling one completely painted and packaged job off the line every hour.

The Twin Oaks Builders Supply Company, one of Eugene's largest, has suffered some drop in volume, according to Rotarian L. C. Scharpf, secretary-treasurer. "Recently," he hastens to add, "we got in three carloads of insulation material and we are pressing this business to the limit. We have added four trucks and have gone much more heavily into the fuel business. Otherwise, we have pretty much pushed the supplies and stock we could get."

One Eugene retailer who has kept his "volume just about where it was last year," is H. F. McDaniel, of the McDaniel Lumber Company. Farm packaging—building outhouses and hog houses and selling them as fast as he can

get them made up—has helped.

"I think this war has taught us building-material people some lessons we probably needed to learn," this dealer comments. "We have had a chance to get better acquainted with our customers' needs. We are more and more coming to the realization that we have to package and to sell more closely the finished product. I look for a big boom in made-up buildings after the war."

Some dealers have had good results with classes in which householders and farmers are taught how to do their own simple building. In older centers dealers have salvaged lumber, nails, and hardware from abandoned buildings to supply their customers.

It's a real fight to survive for every retail lumber dealer. But every one knows his business is vital on the home front—to housing in war-industry areas, to food production in farming regions. And the retail lumberman also knows that he must be prepared for front-rank service in the re-conversion of business from war to peace. Building construction heads all the lists in projects of post-war planning.

Fit Men Fight Best!

By Holman Harvey

It looks like coddling—the way the Army fusses over Johnny Doughboy's least itch. But is it? Look again!

IT'S HOT around Suez, but the boys can't go swimming. Not in fresh water. The schistosomum will get them. The schistosomum might upset a soldier's digestion. Very definitely. In British Guiana, on the other hand, they're not allowed to swim in salt water. It's in the shark belt.

In New Caledonia, down near Australia, they'd be court-martialled for taking a drink of water—before it's been hopped up with purifying chlorine. Dysentery might crop up.

They can't camp near old caves in Palestine. Sand flies are known to live there and sand flies might give them three-day fever. Must camp out of fly range.

In India and Burma they get shot with bubonic-plague vaccine whether there's any plague around or not. In Central America and Middle Africa they get yellow-fever vaccine prepared by the Rockefeller Foundation. If they were serving in the Balkans and Poland, they'd get a magical new vaccine against typhus fever and in China another for cholera.

In Iceland they put on their dark glasses and like it. Snow blindness can be serious. And in and around the Solomon Islands it's orders to keep their shoes on because Dobie itch is all over the place. It's the Australasian cousin of athlete's foot.

All of which may lead old-school toughies to conclude that soldiering has gone cushy and that the Army has gone overboard in mollycoddling fighting boys—that all this is simply a sign of feminized and decadent times.

It's how you look at it. Your soldier son isn't being babied along. He's getting his discipline from the shoulder as always, and he's expected to take his knocks as they come. But this much is true: The Army is guarding his health as no man's health ever was guarded since time began.

It was an invitation to disaster when hundreds of thousands of

young men from widely scattered regions of America were thrown together in great camps in daily elbow-rubbing contact with one another—an ideal stage setting for a bacterial devil's dance of cross infection. And yet there has not been a single epidemic outbreak, nor even the adumbration of one. No measles, no mumps, no flu, no *anything*. In military records it's almost unheard of.

Deaths from disease have been held to *one* per 1,000 men. The rate in civilian life, for men of the same ages, is consistently and considerably higher. Yet, in America's last big-time crowd, the 4,800,000 World War I Army, disease killed *ten* of every 1,000 men!

Soldier cities are the healthiest communities in America today, but the khaki-clad medicos who thought it all up were busy long beforehand—busy on an even vaster problem. For while you and I were still strolling in the twilight groves of Isolation vs. Intervention, they saw that the United States might be involved in global war. As a result, wherever Yanks set foot today, preparations for their protection are completed, in advance.

Take as an example the United States-British pre-Pearl Harbor swap of the 50 overage destroyers for the 99-year leases on the essential Atlantic bases. Before the ink was dry on that agreement, medical reconnaissance officers were at work.

In Trinidad they found a new

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Did You Know That

Uncle Sam's soldier towns are the healthiest places in America . . . disease killed 10 of every 1000 Doughboys in World War I, but it's 1 per 1000 in World War II?

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

type of malarial mosquito. They looked around for breeding swamps and found none. Here was something new under the sun—swampless mosquitoes. Could it be possible? Then they spotted a strange tropical air-plant flourishing in the tops of the giant immortelle trees. The plants had large cup-shaped leaves that caught and held rain water. The deadly mosquitoes were breeding there high in the air. To eliminate the sky swamp, acres of the trees were destroyed before the troops arrived.

At another place, a rabies-carrying bat was promptly exterminated. It had been plaguing the natives for generations. And, at another island base, the heavy, equatorial underbrush was cleared out over an area of miles so the healthful sea breezes could sweep in to cool and ventilate the American post that since has been built there. Also, the water supply was found to be below standard; a stream was diverted and a new supply created.

For three years a special Military Intelligence section of the U. S. Medical Corps has been assembling such information. Walk into its headquarters in Washington, D. C. The walls are lined with maps. Hundreds of other maps swing on revolving racks. Maps of the six continents and the seven seas. The maps are traced and cross traced with colored lines. Yellow is for yellow fever; red for bubonic plague; blue for something else. All the colors of the spectrum are not enough, so varied shadings and hatchings fill the breach. The maps are kept down to date, day by day.

And thus it has come to pass that your soldier son keeps his shoes on in certain remote islands of Polynesia and why he does not go swimming in the tepid lakes of the Levant. For these latter are infested with a curious water snail which harbors the schistosomum, a tiny wormlike parasite which

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YOU DON'T laugh off a sore toe in the Army, where doctors go all-out for preventive medicine. Foot inspection ends the long hike these officer candidates in Maryland have just completed.



BATTLE injuries require immediate handling. Here a rifle serves as an effective splint for a broken leg.



JUNGLE respite from the hands of a native miss. A standing military order: All water must be purified!

IT'S WASH DAY for these lads far from home. They've learned about diseases indigenous to the area in which they're stationed, make certain they take every precaution against them.

SEE IN A New Guinea jungle a crude table serves for an emergency operation, where efficient, not fanciness, counts. Note the bandages on the doctors' hands to absorb the perspiration.

A CARGO PLANE turned aerial ambulance. It carries 12 cots, a nurse, doctor, radio operator, two pilots.



produces in the body the often fatal disease of schistosomiasis.

At many another stopping place in his travels for democracy, his regimental surgeon will order out the Lister Bag and the soldier will hold his drinking cup to the spigot of that 30-gallon canvas sack for water tasting of liquid chlorine, but water, for all that, that will never make him sick.

He never got such care back home. He wouldn't stand for it. At home, if he comes in with a running nose or a sore toe, he'll laugh it off, if he's normal. In the Army he reports himself to the hospital instantly and no argument goes with it. If his unit surgeon orders him to bed, he doesn't say, "Aw, Doc, have a heart." In fact, he doesn't say "Doc" at all. He says "Sir" or "Major" or "Colonel," or whatever the doctor's grade may be. Otherwise he'll check out of the hospital only to check in at the guardhouse. The boys may call them pill rollers or sawbones among themselves, but not even sickness must break down discipline when they address an officer.

No soldier can show for duty with the slightest ailment before that ailment has been diagnosed and treated. What looks like a simple head cold also could be the onset of measles—which is highly contagious among troops. A stiff neck one morning *might* be the beginning of meningitis; aching legs, of infantile paralysis. But whatever it may or may not be, he's not allowed to walk around with even a remote possibility of infecting his fellow soldiers, for the U. S. Army today is dedicated to the practice of preventive medi-

cine, of the stitch that saves nine.

And so there are six and one-half doctors to watch over every 1,000 United States soldiers, whereas citizens at home get along, and always have, with one and one-fifth doctors per 1,000. Some 30,000 civilian physicians are now in service—which, incidentally, means that the stay-at-homes will have to be more careful of their *own* health.

American Army doctors, with 250 other advisory specialists, are grouped into nine "task forces," each concentrating on one major class of epidemic diseases. Flying squadrons make continuous rounds of Army camps. Twenty universities have placed their laboratories at their disposal.

What latent bacteria are present in soldiers' throats? To find out, to be forewarned and therefore forearmed, one task force takes periodic swabs from the throats of a cross section of healthy soldiers—for a city boy from one section can carry around bacteria to which *he* is immune that might raise havoc with a country boy from another section.

Another task force experiments with air-sterilizing ultraviolet-ray "barriers"—curtains of light—for use in Army hospitals to prevent the spread of any infection from one patient to another.

For your soldier is getting the benefit of the latest discoveries, the newest techniques, of medical science. Take the new sulfa drugs, for instance.

Every Yank, before he goes into a forward area, is equipped with a sulfanilamide kit. It is a spill-proof metal box that can be opened by the teeth in event of a

hand wound and it bears the following: "If wounded, take two tablets with water every five minutes until all 12 tablets are taken."

They took those tablets on Black Sunday, December 7, at Pearl Harbor—soldiers who were torn and laid open by bombs. And a medico-military miracle followed. *Not a single death resulted from wound infection*, not even from deep abdominal wounds. The death rate from abdominal-wound infection in all previous warfare was 80 percent! For pneumonia, sulfathiazole and sulfadiazine are available to the troops, and for dysentery the amazing new intestinal sulfa—sulfaguanadine.

Four vaccines are provided, one each for smallpox, typhoid, yellow fever, and tetanus (lockjaw). When the soldiers go into the homelands of cholera, bubonic plague, or typhus fever, they will have newly perfected vaccines against these ancient killers.

Army hospitals now roll on wheels with complete operating rooms; doctors can parachute down into battle areas with their aid stations; and great, long-range transport planes, carrying 50 patients each, speed the seriously sick or wounded back from alien fields to the homeland.

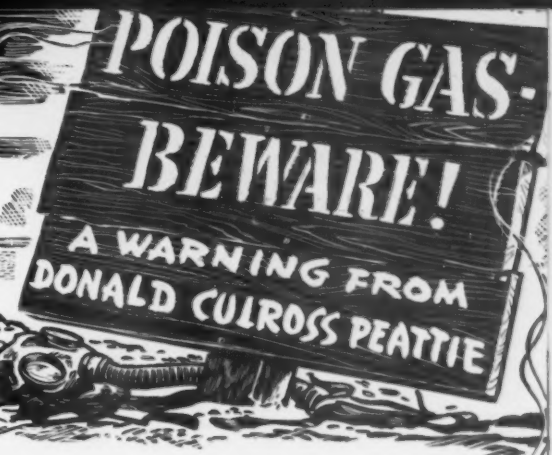
Destroying swamps, diverting water courses, slashing out forest undergrowth, peering into throats, building light barriers, charting the whole world on maps, spending millions on vaccines—is it worth it?

Twenty years ago, when he was a reporter on the old Philadelphia *Inquirer*, this writer stood under the car sheds of Broad Street Station and witnessed a sobering scene. The war was three years gone, but they were still bringing home the bodies of American soldiers. A train of 20 cars steamed slowly into the station. As the flag-draped pine boxes were unloaded, mothers and fathers and widowed wives moved down the long line searching for the stencilled name that would identify their dead.

Looking back upon it now, I know that half of those men never had their final go at the enemy, but that they were felled by the blows of an unseen foe and to that extent, in the light of 1943 Army medicine, they died in vain.



THESE MARINES on Guadalcanal Island took no chances. They toted their pistols right with them. Just so, they were constantly armed against disease—by many an inoculation.



A YEAR AGO Larry Barrett came of age—came into his full rights and responsibilities as an American citizen. "The gang" poured in that night and gave him a surprise party. I was staying with the Barretts, and could see for myself why young Larry had been voted the most popular and likely to succeed in his class, for his friendly gayety caught like wildfire. The boys and girls had brought a crazy birthday feast, and they took over the kitchen from Wu, the Chinese student who washes dishes and dusts at the Barretts for his keep. When all had stuffed themselves, they hit on the notion of going over to the new skating rink.

"Come on, Wu!" called Larry. "You're in on this—I couldn't be 21 without you!"

But in 15 minutes the two were back. The birthday party was over. Grim-lipped, young Larry reported that the proprietor of the rink had refused to let Wu, scholar and American-born son of an ancient line of scholars, enter.

"This is America," finished Larry briefly. "We started out with the proposition that all men are created equal. It still goes!"

Solidly, silently, led by this boy who took his citizenship seriously, the students of that college town clamped a boycott on the skating rink. At the end of a week the proprietor, hat in hand, came to the Barretts' home to apologize.

"Not to me," said Larry firmly. "To Wu. Then we'll all throw a party at the rink to celebrate."

Larry is skating on thinner ice, these days. He is flying in Australia. And if he ever gets back to that university town, it will be largely because the brothers of Wu are holding back the common enemy on a far battlefield.

Meanwhile, the rest of us must keep on fighting Larry's battle for him. For of all the alien enemies in our midst, the most alien to the democratic principle, the most destructive of national unity, is race prejudice.

Like other dangerous germs, it flourishes in darkness, and only the sunlight of understanding and goodwill destroys it. But it can spread like a treacherous disease.

And, like other treachery, it often wears a disguise. It is sometimes masked by a false patriotism, or by mistaken pride. Those of us who are descended from the pioneers may fairly count that an honor, but if that causes any to discriminate against citizens of a different ancestry, a different color, then they dishonor their proud heritage.

Will Rogers put such persons in their place, with a chuckle, "Sure, they came over on the *Mayflower*," said this part-Indian and complete American, "but my folks came to the shore to meet 'em!"

And "his folks," with a magnificent record of enlistments and contributions to the war effort, are fighting side by side with white men, black men, brown men, yellow men. What they are fighting for belongs equally to every one of them. Let's never forget it.

For in combating race prejudice at home among ourselves, we are waging the same war as our armed forces—the war for human rights, for democratic principles. They have the front to hold, and we have the rear. While they fire the guns, and fly the planes, and sail the ships, we here in safety must struggle as tirelessly, as dauntlessly, *to prove that democracy works.*

I saw it working, the week after Pearl Harbor, when I went to a Boy Scout "Court of Honor." That's a ceremony that at any time brings a lump to my throat. Every time a boy stepped up to receive his award of merit, he was loudly applauded, but the biggest ovation came at the announcement of a simple promotion, and I looked up, surprised. The youngster saluting smartly was Taki, son of my grocer, a lad with solemn and shining almond eyes. A Japanese by ancestry, but an American, born to full citizen's rights like the rest of us, and the Scouts were promising their comrade that they would remember he was one of them.

I hope we all will. We have got to keep our thinking very straight, these days, if we are to make democracy work. We will remem-

ber, I know, the heroism of the little brown race that bled beside American boys at Bataan. We have come to appreciate the Filipinos better, as we have come to admire the vast patient courage of the Chinese. We are learning what excellent officers and fine combat fliers our educated Negroes can make. I am proud of the intelligence with which the evacuation of the Japanese, including many loyal American citizens, was in general accomplished in my California community. When I shook hands in farewell with my gardener, he smiled bravely. "Wherever they send me," he said, "it will still be America!"

America—the nation that is based on a practical political faith in the brotherhood of man. To uphold that faith is an essential part of the great war effort. Any unfairness or unfriendliness to good citizens among us of another color is a kind of sabotage.

For race prejudice is one of the favorite weapons of the enemy. Any American who might be tempted to toy even carelessly with it had better look well at the bloodstains on it, and shudder away. For that implement of disunion is a planted weapon, and those who go about urging it upon us are themselves tools of an enemy. But they won't fool us.

We are the people who once fought a tragic four-year war among ourselves to preserve a union in which all men, of whatever color, should be free. The glory of American democracy is that it welcomes with fellow feeling men of every descent. When American boys are dying for that glory, let no one among us taint it with act or word which might spread the pet poison gas of the Axis—race prejudice.



Men to Man Tomorrow's Wings!

By Myron M. Stearns



Our air-hungry youngsters need education attuned to the Flying Age . . . and they're getting it—from movies, model clubs, schools—and, yes, Rotarians.

A GREAT four-motored bomber thundered over our town the other day, and my neighbor's young son and I looked up from our lawn-raking to watch it. "Wow, that's a big baby!" I exclaimed. "Must be a Flying Fortress."

The boy—he's about 12—shot me a glance that was half pity, half scorn. "That's no 'Fort,'" he said. "Can't you see the two rudders? It's a Consolidated. The R.A.F. calls 'em 'Liberators.'"

My stock was down with that young man. For a moment I thought I might raise it by telling him that at his age I could name the "make" of any automobile on the road—from a block away. Winton! Haynes! White! Oldsmobile! And I chuckled over the memory of the small Locomobile that always had to back up the hill at the country club. But I kept silent. To tell the lad all this would only have dated me more. So I went back to my raking.

If you want to look ahead to the Age of the Air in which that boy will live, think first of those few wheezy, breezy country-club cars of the "Naughty Naughts" and then of the millions of purring beauties that jam our highways today (or did). He will see changes far greater . . . and we hardly dare let our imaginations run ahead to what, inside of one more short generation, the skies and airports and roadside landing strips of the future will be like. But—for that Air Age our schools must prepare—are preparing?—our children.

Robert H. Hinckley is one man who has said so all along. Back

in 1938 when he was U. S. Assistant Secretary of Commerce in charge of civilian aviation, he visioned a vision. He saw all his countrymen as aviators, as famed on the airways of the world as the Yankee clipper skippers had once been on the seven seas.

"Air-mindedness," he said, "isn't enough. American schoolboys and girls have got to be *air conditioned*." When educators, he said, would see nothing out of the way in letting classes hop aboard air transports to learn of Eskimo life firsthand, *then* we would be truly "air conditioned." He knew that then, as now, in most schools in his country, students have more interest in flying than their teachers have.

"My first graders know more about airplanes than I do!" a Connecticut teacher told me recently. "I can hardly believe it, but they can even tell what kind of planes are flying over!" Her skepticism did not, however, keep her from devoting an entire session to a report one of the little fellows gave of a trip to La Guardia airport with his father. "It was more interesting to them than anything I could have told them," she explained, "and I guess just as valuable."

To meet Hinckley's dream of full equipment for the Air Age, all sorts of new devices, new courses, and a new point of view must come into the schools. A beginning is being made. Teachers College at Columbia and Teachers College of Nebraska are working on new textbooks. Botany is tied in with natural camouflage (dandelion seeds use parachutes). Pin wheels and fireworks are related to propellers and rocket ships. The fact that 14 tons of metal go into a modern bomber ties in with fifth-grade geography. And children will learn to spell "aerodynamics"

and "stratosphere." In arithmetic it has become: "If a plane flies 300 miles an hour. . . ." Geography distances will change from sea-lane miles to flying time.

At Bob ("Believe It or Not") Ripley's place at Mamaroneck, New York, there is a 12-foot rotunda with arrows pointing to all the important cities of the world. Tokyo lies almost beyond Nome. Halifax is in line with Capetown, South Africa. To reach Sydney, Australia, you start toward Winnipeg, Canada. You and I don't quite get it at first, Dad, but to our sons' sons—trained to streak right out over the earth's shortest arc to anywhere—such things will be commonplace.

Trail blazers like Ralph McLaren, of Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia, have shown how a child's natural interest in aviation bounds up with each fact you reveal to him—about the air currents around us, about why planes fly. That was precisely what made the "Air Shows," put on in 1934 and 1935 by the Institute and the Carnegie Foundation, popular. The good news now is that those fascinating shows, seen by 350,000 people—the majority of them boys and girls of school age—have recently been filmed by Bray Pictures and are available in 16mm. widths for school use, on a non-profit basis.

Running for 52 minutes, the film starts with news shots—airports with planes coming in, big bombers taking off. Then it hedges over the high spots of aviation history. Next come fine slow-motion pictures, showing how we have learned of aerodynamics from pelicans and gulls. Next come glider pictures that make you want to get out and start practicing right away. From lighter-than-air blimps and zeppelins, the

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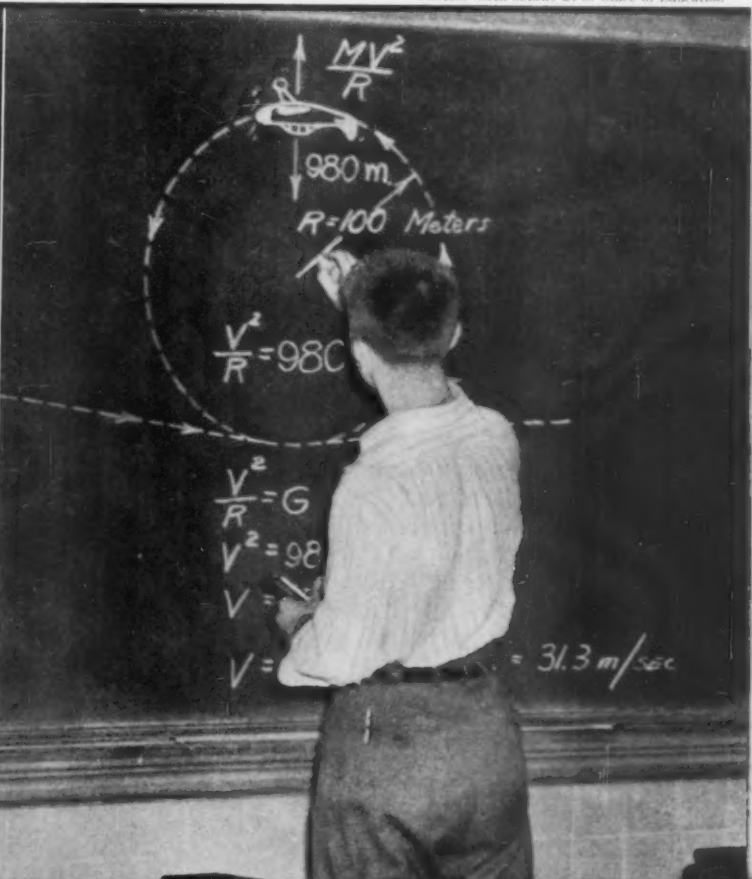


DS in the clouds, these Long Beach, Calif., lads get down to earth about aviation in their Future Y Flyers club—a Rotary-Y.M.C.A.-sponsored project.

YOUNG model builder saws a tail section from his dwindling stock of balsa wood. He's typical of the 2 million model makers busy throughout America.

THIS LAD knows by now that flying isn't all glamour—that it's part geometry, algebra, and physics. He's working a problem in gravity on a "loop."

Photos: (both below) U. S. Office of Education



scene shifts to autogyros and helicopters, interlarded with such pictures as that of a falling maple leaf to show the principles that are used in such flights.

Then comes a sequence on the little-understood power of the air. A sturdy tin can is smashed by the force of the outside air pressure when air is sucked from inside it. Next, with the air flow made visible by vapor from dry ice, the audience sees a plane held up by a strong flow of air. Then a ping-pong ball is held up by an air current and—more amazing still—held up by an air current that is pointed *downward*. A piece of paper is lifted from a table with a *down* current of air blown over it. We see, too, why 70 percent of the lift on an airplane wing comes from the current of air *above* . . . and study the “drag” of an airplane wing in different positions, up to where it stalls. The film ends with pictures of successful experiments with rocket ships, suggesting the unpredictable future. The stimulation that film gives young minds—and old ones, too—can hardly be over-emphasized.

AT THE Franklin Institute itself there are further demonstrations of how aerodynamics can grip interest. A little push-button exhibit, for example, shows the effect of streamlining on automobiles. The spectator pushes a button that starts a tiny fan and sends a current of air toward two miniature cars in a glass case. Immediately the 1940 model starts forward, while the extra air resistance of the 1930 design drives that car backward. Beside it is a push-button comparison of lift between straight and curved wings.

In each case the spectator can push the button and start the demonstration himself. I watched schoolboys and schoolgirls, soldiers and sailors, and grownups of all ages, line up for their turn. It was a revelation in the psychology of interest.

But when you think of air-minded youth, you probably think of the model builder. So did that man Hinckley. He advocated a model-building kit for every school child!

Right after Pearl Harbor, the U. S. Navy asked for 500,000

miniature planes—10,000 of each of 50 different models. To be made by boys and girls in the public schools, they were to be used in training spotters for civilian defense, gunners on merchant ships, sailors on submarines, in various ground schools. Within a year, the whole half million were finished. By next June another 300,000 will be done, and it is estimated that the boys and girls will also have made 400,000 more for themselves.

I looked over one beautiful model of a Mitsu Bishi 96 fighter. Its regulation black paint had been smoothed and sandpapered until the model seemed to be made out of metal instead of wood. Beside it was a model of another Japanese plane: a two-place dive bomber known as Baku Geki Ki, Type 99. On the same table were Bristol-Blenheims, Hawker Hurricanes, German single-seat Messerschmitts, and so on. The workmanship on all was exceptional.

Hundreds of letters from teachers and school principals reflect the enthusiasm with which the great project was carried out. “The boys took more interest in this than in anything they have done for years,” wrote the superintendent of schools at Ketchikan, Alaska—a Rotarian, by the way. “I can hardly keep students out of my shop,” says an Illinois teacher. “I have to come back after school and allow them to work in the evening.”

“It’s the most valuable thing we’ve ever had in industrial art,” one supervisor said. “It’s put new life into our whole manual-training department.”

One 11-year-old youngster was told by his teacher that he couldn’t work on the models because he was so far behind in his reading. “But I can practice reading with the instruction book!” he protested. Reluctantly she agreed. He worked that evening as he had never worked before, and the next day he read the entire pamphlet, out loud, to the class—without a stumble.

But long before the Navy asked for these nonflying models, schoolboys had become veterans at making model planes that really perform. It is estimated that there are more than 2 million model-airplane builders in the United States today—most of them still

in school. After a boy builds a model plane he wants to fly it, show it off, and then compete with other planes and other builders. The National Aeronautical Association, through its Junior Air Reserve and affiliated model-building clubs, utilized this spirit of competition to develop model-airplane meets.

THE last National Air Meet for model-plane builders was held at Chicago in 1941. It drew 1,500 participants and 50,000 spectators. Entrants came from Canada and New Zealand, from New England and Florida and California and Texas. One boy hitchhiked 500 miles with his apparatus in a box half as big as a large office desk. Out-of-town entrants who were short of cash walked from downtown hotels nearly 12 miles to the site of the meet.

Though war stopped the 1942 National Model Meet, local meets continue. Last November, for example, more than 2,000 spectators turned out to see one at Washington, D. C. There were 168 competitors. A prize of a power motor was offered to the boy who sold the most tickets. One lad worked weeks to win that prize. He covered the wings of his plane with an old dress of flowered silk that his mother gave him, and then got dope to paint out the design so that the model wouldn’t look (at least in his eyes) ridiculous. He had a Class B outdoor model with a 38-inch wingspread.

A dozen or more firms are now making gas motors for model airplanes. The tiny motors develop something like one-fifth of a horsepower with a single cylinder, cost about \$7.50, and have two- or three-ounce gasoline tanks. In competition they are used with a timer, so that they will run out of gas and come down when the competing flight (usually of 15 seconds) is over. One model plane left the Washington meet and was picked up later, nearly 40 miles away, at the outskirts of Baltimore. Its timer had not been set.

Literally hundreds of boys—girls, too—who were making model airplanes four and five years ago are now working for the Army and Navy at similar tasks. One 17-year-old airplane repairman now [Continued on page 58]

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THE BOYS' RANCH "outfit"—as frisky a bunch o' young strays as ever was. The lady is Mrs. Alton Weeks—"mother" to all of them.

BOYS' HOME ON THE RANGE

UP IN THE Texas Panhandle, on the site of a once-booming cow town, 41 luckless boys have roped

the biggest chance of their lives. Homeless lads, victims of divorces, they've found a home—at Boys' Ranch. Here on 845 acres of sage-scented range near Amarillo, these young buckaroos herd their own Herefords, go to their own school, run their own government, play their heads off—and, under the wise care of warmhearted adults, grow into tall, straight-shootin' men. Rotarian Cal Farley (right)—he's a Past Governor, by the way—started Boys' Ranch in 1938,

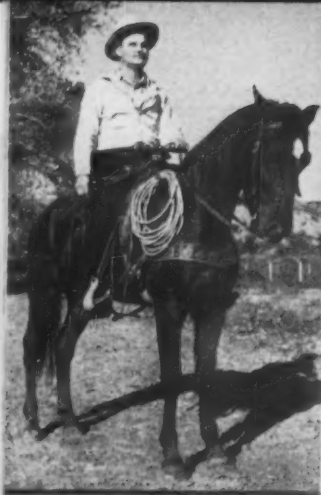
got a rancher to donate 120 acres, enhanced this by 725 acres bought with a bequest from a wrestler. Amarillo Rotarians, other businessmen, and ranchers chipped in from the start—running up a \$15,000 dormitory-gym, for one thing. And so Boys' Ranch was off to what everyone hopes is a long life. Because, pardner, it is somethin'! Now fix your gaze on the photos.



RANCH headquarters are in this old courthouse, one-time temple of cowboy justice. . . Men who died with their boots on sleep near-by.

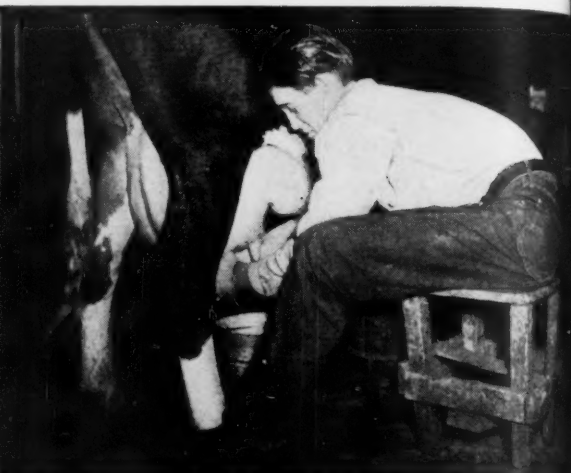
Photo: (below) © T. M. Caldwell





SQUARE-JAWED Alton Weeks (left) directs Boys' Ranch. What he doesn't know about boys—after a lifetime of work with them—Mrs. Weeks does. Few real parents were ever loved and respected more.

WORK DONE, the boys saddle their nags and take out across mesquite for a jog in the foothills. Though few have ever a horse before, they become good riders quickly. Ranchers at Boys' Ranch the ponies—as well as 30 white-faced cattle to



IN THE LIBRARY, donated by friends, many of the boys "meet up" for the first time with such heroes as Tom Sawyer, Kit Carson. . . (Below) The Ranch bank during rush hour. All "hands" draw regular wages (in Ranch currency), pay their keep, buy war stamps.

Z-ZING! Z-ZING! Bossie lets down! Boys' Ranch dairy cows supply all milk needed. . . (Below) A scene in the two-teacher Ranch school, State affiliated, kept by the Jack Hardins, Mr. and





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DULL Jacks on Boys' Ranch—because, after work, there's plenty of play. They plunge in the old swimming hole, say—or a cruise on the Sea-Wolf the boys built. These scenes are on a small lake the Ranch encompasses.

CHOW TIME (below) at the Boys' Ranch board. That's Mother Thompson with the hot biscuits. She directs the cooking, has put 30 pounds on many a new-comer in no time. It's amazing—but Boys' Ranch is almost self-supporting.



Photos (except otherwise indicated): Boyd, of Amarillo Globe-News; C, Don Hughes

The Post-War-Delivery Plan

The debate-of-the-month on a proposal—also known as the Layaway or Nugent Plan—receiving wide attention from businessmen in the United States. . . . It seeks to lessen the "inflationary gap" by using excess income for preferred claims on durable consumer goods to be delivered after the war. Arguments presented here concentrate on the post-war inflation and control of retailing aspects.—EDITORS.

Consumer Spending to Fight Inflation!

Says Rolf Nugent

Credit Policy Director,
Office of Price Administration

DURING 1943, almost two-thirds of the productive energies of the United States will be used for war. In spite of this enormous drain, we shall be able to meet the essential needs of the civilian population. The principal difficulty lies in the fact that the purchasing power of consumers is not being reduced as rapidly as the quantity of goods and services available for consumption.

The following estimates for 1943 illustrate the problem:

Average family income.....	\$3,700
Personal taxes per family.....	\$430
Savings (including war-bond purchases) per family.....	570

Average family purchasing power..	\$2,700
Consumers' goods at current prices per family	2,200

Excess purchasing power per family..\$ 500

This extra \$500 per family is the explosive factor in America's economy. People will want to spend this money, but there will be no goods to absorb it. The competition of this excessive spending power for the limited quantity of goods endangers the nation's price-control program, threatens expansion of black markets, and risks the breakdown of the distribution system.

To avoid the danger, action is needed on many fronts. Taxes must be increased. War-bond purchases and other savings must be increased. The field of rationing

must be broadened. But recent experience gives little hope that these things alone will be enough. Consequently, I have suggested an *additional* line of attack: *Why not permit the extra purchasing power that cannot buy current goods to purchase goods for delivery after the war?*

In essence, I propose to enlist strongly entrenched habits of *spending* in the fight against inflation. The stoppage of production of automobiles, refrigerators, oil burners, and other important consumers' durable goods has left a large gap in America's customary spending pattern—a gap that could be filled by post-war-delivery purchases. In peacetime, at current income levels, we could expect close to 10 billion dollars to be spent for consumers' durable goods that have disappeared from the wartime market. Payments on previous installment purchases of these goods are rapidly being completed, freeing part of the incomes of millions of families for new installment commitments.

Only goods that are no longer available would be sold for post-war delivery. I would limit the plan at first to automobiles, refrigerators, pianos, and automatic furnaces. Later, it should be extended to other goods and services, such as washing machines; de luxe radios, phonographs, and kitchen ranges; television sets; air-conditioning equipment; jeeps; prefabricated houses; and travel by ship, train, and airplane.

Purchasers would be offered two advantages: (1) a prior claim

to goods and (2) a price discount. Priority numbers would be determined by the month in which the installment contract is signed, with adjustments for delinquency in making payments.

Because of the uncertainty concerning production costs after the war, selling prices would not be established until production is resumed. Purchasers would buy certificates of various denominations for specific goods. For example, automobile certificates would cost \$700, \$1,000, \$1,400, and \$2,000; refrigerator certificates, \$100, \$150, and \$200. These certificates would have a "merchandise" value 10 percent greater than their purchase price. They could be taken to any dealer and exchanged for any make or model in a specified price class. If post-war prices differed from certificate values, differences could be settled in cash or in finance-company credits.

Sales and collections would be handled as far as possible through existing installment-selling machinery, in order to enlist the drive and ingenuity of private enterprise and avoid expansion of the Federal bureaucracy. Sales to civilians would be made by established dealers, who would be paid small commissions. Collections would be made through sales-finance companies, banks, public-utility companies, and post offices, which would also receive modest compensation for their services.

The military forces would be permitted to make much smaller payments than civilians, yet earn the same priorities. Those in foreign service would be given a number 1 priority if they entered a purchase contract within six months of the beginning of the plan. The price of military certificates would be reduced by making sales through personnel officers, chaplains, the Red Cross and U.S.O., and collection through payroll allotments.

Purchasers' payments, less selling and collection costs, would be channelled into the United States Treasury. When certificates become exchangeable for goods, sales and collection costs would be covered by a payment which the Treasury would make for the use of the purchaser's money. The

purchaser could, therefore, be guaranteed the return of his payments when his priority number has been called.

At that time he would also be able to sell his certificate—presumably at a profit.

After the war the Federal Reserve Board would call priority numbers as rapidly as necessary to absorb production. The purchaser would exchange his certificate for goods and the dealer would deposit the certificate in his bank at its cash value.

Differences between the cash and merchandise values of cer-

If these sacrifices are too great, the price discount could be reduced. But the principle of a contribution from manufacturers and dealers is unassailable. Both have much to gain from the plan. For most dealers in goods that have disappeared for the duration, a small income now from certificate sales will be worth a lot more than an equal addition to their post-war incomes, which are likely to be high under any circumstances. Manufacturers would benefit by the creation of prepaid orders, by the maintenance of their dealer organizations, and by the preservation of their trade names through post-war-delivery advertisements.

The calling of priority numbers in relation to production would bring post-war demand and supply into line for goods subject to post-war-delivery sale. In this way, the normal competitive forces would be brought to bear. Although the power of the Government to limit prices would be continued for post-war-delivery goods, the exercise of this power could probably be avoided since purchasers would be protected by effective price competition.

This means, of course, the continuation of some Government controls of distribution. But one must have his head deeply in the sand to believe that restraints can be discarded immediately after the war in the areas where demand is likely to be enormously in excess of the short-run supply. Compared with other means of rationing consumers' durable goods after the war, the system of priorities proposed here is exceptionally equitable and simple to administer. Moreover, the controls would disappear automatically when certificate holders had received their goods.

The maintenance of balanced markets for consumers' durable goods—one of the most volatile sectors of the economy—would go far toward eliminating the threat of post-war inflation. Money spent for post-war-delivery certificates would be locked in during the period of conversion to civilian production and then released gradually in response to the actual flow of goods. For that reason it is preferable to attract funds that people will want to

spend after the war into post-war-delivery certificates rather than into war bonds.

It will be seen that the by-products of this plan would be almost as important and desirable as its immediate objective. To summarize: the plan would not only relieve the inflationary pressure on wartime markets, but it would also:

1. Furnish additional low-cost funds for financing the war.
2. Prevent chaotic post-war markets for goods that have now disappeared from production by bringing demand into line with supply.
3. Create an enlarged and measurable backlog of demand for goods subject to post-war-delivery sale.
4. Stimulate demand for all other consumer goods and services at a controlled rate.
5. Provide some measure of relief for businesses that have been hard hit by the stoppage of production of important consumers' goods.

Would Result in Regimentation

Says **Ralph W. Robey**
Associate Editor, *Newsweek*

MR. NUGENT claims for his "plan for installment selling for post-war delivery" the following primary advantages:

That it would provide a definite and virtually guaranteed market in the post-war period for the merchandise covered by the plan; that it would siphon off billions of dollars of purchasing power from the public during the war and thereby lessen the danger of inflation; that it would help perpetuate existing sales organizations of automobile companies, etc., through providing them an income from the sale of the certificates; that it would help sustain our installment finance companies because of the fees they would obtain from handling collections on the certificates; that it would bring in a large amount of funds to the United States Treasury and thereby reduce its necessary borrowing from other sources; and that it would facilitate post-war



ROLF NUGENT, economist, and author of the post-war-delivery plan. Director of the Credit Policy Office of OPA, he is on leave as head of the Department of Consumer Credit Studies, Russell Sage Foundation.

tificates would be absorbed by the dealer and manufacturer. The manufacturer would contribute 3 percent of the purchase price of the goods—although this payment would probably be covered by the savings that would accrue from the enlargement of the backlog of demand and the predetermination of the market, geographically and by price classes. The remainder would be contributed by the dealer who delivers the goods. He would sacrifice between 20 and 30 percent of his gross profit margin on the sale. However, a commensurate part of the selling job would have already been done by the dealer who sold the certificate.

transition to a peacetime economy through its maintenance of a balance between the supply and demand for goods.

In my judgment none of these advantages claimed by Mr. Nugent for his plan would be realized in practice. In addition the plan has serious positive disadvantages. My reasons for these conclusions can be made most clear by discussing the plan under two broad heads: first, the effect of the plan on post-war inflation possibilities; secondly, the effect of the plan on post-war control of retailing.

First, let us look at the plan in relation to post-war inflation possibilities.

The danger of inflation in the post-war period, just as the danger of inflation at present, depends upon one simple fact. This is the amount by which the volume of purchasing power in the hands of the public exceeds the supply of goods available for purchase by the public. No one, of course, can now judge how great this excess buying power—the so-called inflationary gap—will be in the post-war period. But there is no doubt whatever that it will be perfectly enormous. Even if we were to win the war by the end of this year, which certainly is as optimistic a view as anyone could take at present, we would have,

according to current estimates, a volume of accumulated buying power in the hands of the public of over 150 billion dollars. Of this something like 135 billion dollars would be money in circulation and deposits in banks—that is, actual cash—and the remainder would consist of war bonds held by the public which are convertible into cash at the demand of the holders.

Now if we are to prevent inflation, and at the same time maintain our system of individual competitive enterprise, one of three things must be done: First, we must siphon off this excess purchasing power and thereby make it unavailable for spending, which can only be done through taxation; or, secondly, we must produce enough goods to absorb the purchasing power, which means we would bring the supply and demand for goods in balance; or, thirdly, we must by some means make it attractive and worth while for the owners of this purchasing power to hold on to it, not rush into the market and start bidding up prices.

Can the Nugent plan substantially help in any of these three possible ways for preventing inflation? Obviously, it cannot unless the public will buy the installment certificates provided for under the plan. Will the public buy the certificates? Mr. Nugent says, of course, that they will—that they will buy billions of dollars a year. But will they? Let's look at some of the facts.

Under the plan the holder of a certificate is supposed to have two advantages over the public in general. The first of these is priority in obtaining the particular merchandise in question—say, an automobile—and the second advantage is that the certificates will have, if used to buy the merchandise for which they originally were obtained, a value of 10 percent more than they cost. That is, if one buys a \$1,000 automobile certificate, and at the proper time in the post-war period uses the certificate for the purchase of an automobile, the certificate will have a value of \$1,100.

Now superficially, it may be granted, these appear to be two real advantages—two real selling points. But are they? Take the question of the 10 percent appre-

ciation in value of the certificate. How much can that be relied upon? What is to prevent, say, the automobile manufacturers from increasing their prices by 10 percent? Certainly they would have a strong incentive so to raise their prices because they and their dealers have to absorb the 10 percent. Personally, I wouldn't give a nickel for this so-called advantage as it would work out in practice. And my opinion on this wouldn't be changed by some certificate salesman telling me that the Government will protect me by prohibiting the rise of prices in the post-war period. I have seen too much of this kind of Government "protection" in the past few months to have any faith in that argument.

And I feel about the same way in connection with the priority which the certificate is supposed to give me. Suppose I have a \$1,000 certificate and offer it in payment of a \$1,100 car. And suppose that simultaneously someone else appears and offers the dealer \$1,100 of cold cash for the same car. How can I be sure that I, and not the other fellow, will get the car? The Government will see to it that I do? I'm sorry, you can't get my money on that kind of a promise. I've seen too much of black markets in the past few months.

In brief, then, it seems to me that the claimed advantages of the certificates to the public would not work out. In addition, there are three positive reasons for not buying the certificates: (1) the certificates bear no interest, so financially one is better off either to buy war bonds or to put his money in a savings bank; (2) it is impossible now to tell what the price of, say, automobiles will be in the post-war period, so one cannot be sure of the amount of certificates he needs in order to get a car when they again become available; and (3) since the certificates can be used only for the purpose indicated at the time they are bought, if one finds it desirable or necessary to use the money for some other purpose he is substantially worse off, since the certificates bear no interest, than if he had put his money in war bonds.

On balance, therefore, it seems quite [Continued on page 56]



RALPH W. ROBEY, associate editor of "Newsweek," an economist turned journalist. A former Federal Reserve Board statistician, he still teaches economics at Columbia University while continuing his editorial work.



Nimitz Fires When He Is Ready

By Stanley High

Author and Journalist

FROM an unadorned office built, like a battleship's bridge, above the vast spread and clamor of Pearl Harbor's naval base, Admiral Chester William Nimitz commands the largest single area of war operations in American naval history.

Its outlines are marked on a string of maps thumbtacked to the wall beside his desk. With Pearl Harbor as the strategic hub, they reach 5,500 miles east to Panama and up the United States West coast; 2,800 miles north to Alaska and the Aleutians; 3,800 miles west to Japan via Midway and Wake; 3,500 miles southwest to the Solomons; 2,700 miles south to Tahiti.

On last December 7, Admiral Nimitz held one of his infrequent press conferences. A correspondent asked for an "official guess" as to when the war will end. "By the calendar, I wouldn't try to tell you," the Admiral said. "But I can tell you by the map." He swung his arms in a wide circle around the boundaries of his command. "The war will end when the Japanese have been hunted down in all those regions and their striking power destroyed."

The striking had been almost all Japanese when Nimitz's flag as "Cincpac" (Commander-in-Chief

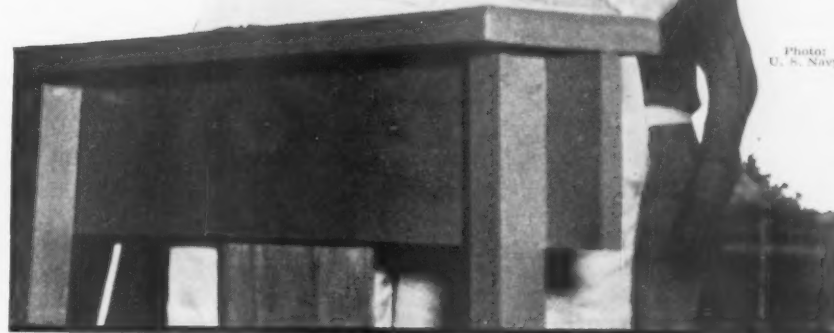


Photo: U. S. Navy

He's the hard-chinned, frosty-eyed Texan who started out to be a soldier, but joined the Navy and is now 'Cincpac.'

of the Pacific Fleet) was run up on December 31, 1941—over the bomb-gutted debris of America's worst naval disaster. From Dutch Harbor to Singapore, the United States and allied fleets were not hunting but being hunted. As the bad news mounted, the question grew: "Where is the Navy?"

Nimitz gave no interviews in those days. But to those whose querulous questions reached him he would say in Hawaiian: "Hoo-mana wa nui"—"Be patient."

That answer did not satisfy the public. But it was good enough for the Navy. The Navy was well acquainted with Nimitz's patience—a special variety, Texas bred and no kin to meekness.

For five months Nimitz did not make a headline, a fight talk, or

a slogan. So far as the correspondents could observe, from their impatient watch in the well-furnished but news-empty press-room, he never once stepped up the unhurried pace at which, each day, he walked from his quarters to his office and back.

Every morning, at 11 or thereabouts, he strolled out, bareheaded and in shirt sleeves, to the pistol range behind his office. There he shot perhaps a dozen rounds with a .22 pistol, checked his above-average marksmanship. Once a week, in shorts and sweat-shirt, he played tennis with three staff officers—a good, solid game in which his accuracy obliged his opponents to do most of the running.

Also once a week he drove

through Honolulu to a beach near Diamond Head to swim. The Admiral is a strong swimmer—he once saved a man from drowning. But the swimming he goes in for is of the long-pull sort. He is seldom satisfied with less than a mile—preceded and followed by two miles of hiking in the sand at a pace which generally leaves his younger officers puffing far in his wake.

Meanwhile, seven days and nights a week, Cincpac's headquarters ran with the subdued precision of a time clock. One experienced observer describes it as "the most businesslike military office I have ever seen."

Toward the end of May, word reached the newsroom that Nimitz's first showdown was in the making. The report came from the inaccessible office where the Chief of Naval Intelligence, with information from innumerable guarded sources, prepares a daily map which shows the probable disposition of units of the Japanese fleet. The lines on this map were moving steadily closer to Midway and Hawaii.

There was no to-and-fro hurrying at Cincpac, no battle-eve oratory for the press. But as the lines moved, the tenseness increased; staff officers, working around the clock, were grim.

ON THE morning of June 4, the Japanese—undoubtedly aiming at Hawaii and the United States West coast—struck in force at Midway. At the end of that momentous day Nimitz's patience was intact: "Our attacks are continuing." At the end of the second day he was still understating it: "While it is too early to claim a major Japanese disaster, it may be conservatively stated that United States control remains firm in the Midway area."

Then, as unruffled as ever, he said nothing for two days. Finally, on June 7—exactly six months after Pearl Harbor—he was ready. He called in the correspondents. He was smiling: "I think I've got some good news for you. A momentous victory is in the making. Pearl Harbor has been partially avenged."

For the triumph at Midway, Admiral Nimitz, in the traditionally unwarmed language of cita-

tions, was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal: "His conduct of the operations of the Pacific fleet, his exercise of command, left nothing to be desired."

To receive his D.S.M., at the hands of Admiral Ernest J. King, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Fleet, Admiral Nimitz flew to San Francisco. On landing, his seaplane hit an obstruction and was wrecked. The pilot was killed. Nimitz was badly jarred and thrown into the water. But he shook off his rescuers and struck out for shore. "I'm all right," he shouted, "but for God's sake save that brief case!"

What he had in the brief case, which was saved, was not disclosed. But by then it was no secret that in five months he had patched, repaired, and reorganized America's shattered Pacific fleet, and won with it what President Roosevelt called "our most important victory in 1942"—a victory which historians may appraise as among the most decisive of United States history. The question "Where is the Navy?" had been given a Navy answer by this rout of one of the biggest invasion armadas of all time.

Because patience—even Nimitz's hard-chinned, frosty-eyed variety—is not one of the more colorful virtues, he is no boon to the script writers. He is an admiral's admiral. When he was made Cincpac, few top officers were less known outside the Navy, or more favorably known within it. There is not a spectacular chapter in his career. Neither, by Navy standards, is there a mediocre one. Admiral William D. Leahy, Chief of Staff to the President, recently remarked: "Nimitz has never done a job that wasn't outstanding."

Nimitz's staff officers say that he is never "crusty"—save when the going seems to him to be too easy. When the job toughens, he cheers up and cools off accordingly—his relish, apparently, being in direct ratio to the odds which he is up against.

As a boy, Nimitz wanted to be a soldier. He was preparing for West Point at the University of Texas when he heard that there was to be a competitive examination for an immediate appointment to the Naval Academy. He won

the appointment and went to Annapolis.

At Annapolis, where he graduated in 1905, Nimitz never weighed more than 150 pounds. But despite his lack of tonnage, he went into athletics with enthusiasm. When young Nimitz signed up for rowing, the coach gave him the stroke oar in the fourth crew. With Nimitz setting the pace, the fourth crew so regularly beat the third that he was promoted to the third boat. Whereupon the third beat the second. Working his way up in this fashion, Nimitz finally became stroke of the first boat, where he paced seven men who, on the average, outweighed him by 35 pounds.

NIMITZ was the first of his class to receive a command: the *Panay*, forerunner of the United States gunboat sunk by the Japanese in China's Yangtze River in 1937. On river patrol in The Philippines, she had a crew of 20 and two little guns—"but what a ship I thought she was."

The Nimitz calm is indicated by an incident that occurred during this first command. One day the boat sprang a leak and the water got ahead of the pumps. The chief engineer, up to his knees in the rising tide in the engine room, excitedly called the bridge: "She's going to sink!" The reply came back, "Look on page 84 of *Barton's Engineering Manual*. It tells you what to do in a case like this." (P.S.: The boat was saved.)

After his Philippine service, Nimitz asked for battleship duty. What he got, instead, was a submarine—one of the Navy's first. That was in the era when subs were driven by gasoline engines, and to the usual risks of undersea operations were added such hazards as gas fumes and battery explosions. Nimitz describes his first undersea craft as "a cross between a Jules Verne fantasy and a whale."

But Nimitz took to subs. At 27 he was in command of the whole Atlantic fleet submarine force and was on his way to a reputation as the Navy's top "pig-boat" authority. He served with the undersea forces during the First World War, and later built and commanded [Continued on page 56]



Canada's High School Farmers

By W. J. Banks

They're the army of urban young folks who, with will and skill, are plugging the big gaps in rural manpower.

THOUSANDS of young Canadians last Summer helped carry their broad Dominion through one of her most critical war emergencies, an acute shortage of farm manpower. Now they are ready to do it again.

Gwendolyn is. She is one of them. A 16-year-old lass, Gwen could have spent last Summer on the beach, but the thought never entered her pretty head. Beating the sun up every morning, Gwen bicycled three miles to a farm and there did chores, shocked wheat, or rode a plow all day. Then she pedalled home each night. She did not miss a day in 13 weeks.

That brand of pluck was typical of Canada's whole young land army last year, and one of the most hopeful prospects on the horizon for hundreds of desperately shorthanded fruit growers, truck gardeners, and dirt farmers is that that same ebullient young army, greatly augmented and better trained, is coming back this year.

It is coming back perhaps 60,000 strong in Ontario alone—for the movement began and has developed furthest here in Canada's most populous and most productive Province. Let's look at Ontario, therefore; it offers an inspir-

ing case study of Youth in Men's Shoes in Wartime.

Last year more than 10,000 Ontario high-school boys found that as Farm Cadets they could speed the day of victory as surely, if not so conspicuously, as their older brothers in blue and khaki are hastening it. An equal number of high-school girls joined the Farmerette Brigade; almost another 10,000 boys and girls under 15 enrolled in the Children's Brigade. Together, in fact, they made up more than half the 55,000 volunteers in the Ontario Farm Service Force—which is Ontario's unique solution of the farmhand-shortage



A NIMBLE Toronto miss helps speed the "plum pick." She's a Farmerette—from one of many youth camps in the Niagara area.

problem. Including also the Women's Land Brigade and the adult Farm Commandos, who give spare hours to the work, the Farm Service Force operates under a committee representing Ontario's Departments of Agriculture, Labor, and Education. Directed by a man wise in the ways of youth, the Force is pioneering the field of mobilizing urban populations for farm service. Other Canadian Provinces plan to follow its lead, and inquiries have poured in from many American State capitals and from distant British Dominions.

So much for the setup. What does it accomplish? When the harvests were in last Autumn, many an urban school system could report that almost 100 percent of its older pupils had worked on farms during the Summer. Indeed, high schools throughout the Province had delayed their 1942 opening for some three weeks, until harvesting had been finished. This year, as last, many a student whose academic record is satisfactory will be excused at Easter-time for the rest of the term, without loss of standing, provided he puts in 13 weeks on the farm.

But the students don't wait

around for an official lead to prepare for the coming season's work. In many schools they have formed "Triangle V" clubs, which have campaigned for such things as more rigorous inspection of farms employing student labor, special school lectures and demonstrations, subsidies for poorer farmers unable to pay the full wage scale, and more recreational facilities. They applaud the policy of making each school responsible for the student-labor needs of one county or district. That helps to keep chums close together.

While thousands of Farm Cadets 15 to 19 and not a few Farmerettes from 16 upward go to strange farms as regular hired hands, other thousands live in supervised camps and hire out by the day to near-by producers. Most of last Summer's 29 girls' and boys' camps were located in the fruit-growing districts where in season many hands are needed.

A typical Farmerette camp in this district accommodates 60 to 100 girls. Just where it is located and how large it is are determined by Government representatives who confer with growers to learn their labor requirements. The actual site may be a school, a tourist-cabin center, a set of Fall Fair buildings, a disused factory. A barn and stable, completely renovated, were even pressed into service last year. In all cases adequate provision for running water, drainage, and sanitation must be made. The Y.W.C.A. or the Y.M.C.A. handles food, discipline, recreation, and health, and appoints the camp staffs, which are paid by the Province. A camp council elected by the youngsters aids in democratic camp government.

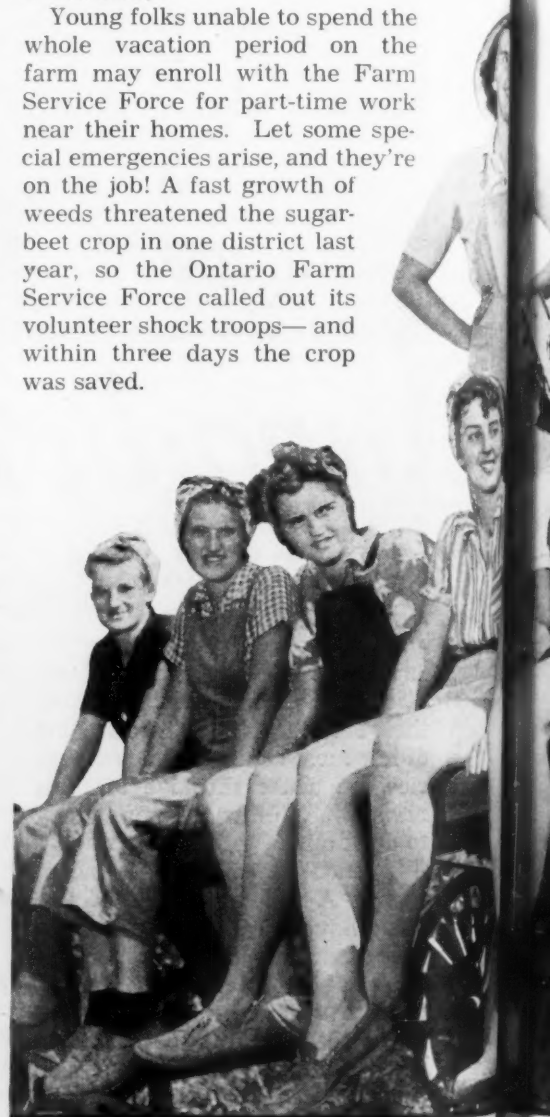
Growers provide transportation from camp to work and pay a minimum wage of about 25 cents an hour for fruit picking and similar work. In 1942, girls in the Niagara district alone earned nearly \$100,000. Each girl pays the camp \$4.50 weekly for board; each boy, \$5. An unemployment insurance fund removes the danger of financial embarrassment to the campers which bad weather or temporary lack of work might cause. It had scant use last year.

Mixing youngsters of many creeds, races, classes, and regions, these camps teach many a lesson

in national unity, in democracy. French-Canadian lasses from northern pine forests saw for the first time the lush orchard lands of Southern Canada and taught their English-speaking companions bits of their mother tongue. Two Canadian-born Japanese girls won all hearts in their camp.

The life of the Farm Cadet—the city high-school boy who hires out by the day or month to an individual farmer and lives with the family—is another matter. He may have a real adjustment problem on his hands. He is, however, at an ideal age for tackling new situations, and usually there is mutual satisfaction all around. Many a Canadian farmer has increased the rate of pay negotiated by the Government placement officers for the first month (usually about \$20 plus board for inexperienced lads).

Young folks unable to spend the whole vacation period on the farm may enroll with the Farm Service Force for part-time work near their homes. Let some special emergencies arise, and they're on the job! A fast growth of weeds threatened the sugar-beet crop in one district last year, so the Ontario Farm Service Force called out its volunteer shock troops—and within three days the crop was saved.



UP WITH the sun, a squad of Farmerettes rumbles off to work.

Not for a moment would I slight the Children's Brigade mentioned earlier. These little youngsters, too, help free adults for heavier work. Many of them are farm children themselves, but, when wearing the Farm Service Force Badge, with its motto "We Lend a Hand," they seem to take in their stride tasks once irksome. While many of the little Brigadiers from town and city are too young to be sent alone to strange farms, a number do go, under the care of their schoolteachers. Others help rural relatives. A 10-year-old arrived at his uncle's farm just in time to help load wheat when a terrific storm threatened the crop. "Without him the rain would have beaten us," said the uncle.

But I started this story with Gwendolyn, the plucky Farmerette. "She surprised us all," says her farmer-boss. "Made a mighty fine substitute for our hired man who joined up."

"I would rather drive a tractor than eat," says Gwen.

There, in this day of crisis, speaks the spirit of modern youth.



A TRUE daughter of the Power Age, this city girl finds driving a tractor easy—and a way to help win the war. She releases a man for heavier work—or for military service. She's one of 30,000 young folks who, at jobs like this, helped Ontario lick its 1942 farm-labor problem.



Photos: Nat'l Film Board of Canada; (above) Ronny Jacques; Ontario Farm Service Force

MAIL CALL at a typical Farmerette camp. While few of these girls have ever been away from their parents, the happy round of work and play discourages melancholy. True of the 29 Farm Service Force camps, it holds also in the nine camps private growers operate.



rumblers at trees. As pickers and packers, they're highly prized.



The Shape of Foods to Come

By Paul S. Willis

President, Grocery Manufacturers of America, Inc.

War's putting a big squeeze and a fast freeze on many a pantry favorite—to save ships, time, and nutriment. All of which portends a revolution in post-war kitchen arts. This article is Number 4 in the 'Putting Science to Work' series.

TWO PROBLEMS having nothing to do with weapons have vexed soldiers, from Alexander to Eisenhower. They are how to lighten the weight of foods, and how to keep them from spoiling.

Dried buffalo meat made possible long forays into enemy country for American Indians. Napoleon, faced by a long campaign, offered a 12,000-franc prize to anyone who would invent a way to keep food fresh on long marches; it was won by M. Appert, a Parisian confectioner, who packed it in air-tight jars—and thus gave the world canning. Gail Borden helped Lincoln's armies win the Civil War by condensing milk. Evaporated milk reached its full-est development in World War I.

World War II is giving us (1)

dehydration, (2) improved freezing methods, and (3) new ways of packaging food. Already these three developments are revolutionizing your pantry, and, when the war is won, will alter food habits of people the world around. They are worth understanding. Look first at the newest and most spectacular:

1. *Dehydration.* In principle, it is as old as the sun, which has been dehydrating things—driving the water out of them—ever since it dried earth's first grape. That's all dehydration means—dewatering. Most foods, we've long known, are from 10 to 90 percent water. Eggs, for instance, are 75 percent water; cheese, solid as it seems, is 30 percent.

So now in wartime, when we

need to pack the most food in the least space, we scientifically deprive it of all but about 3 to 10 percent of its moisture, and thus shrink its bulk so greatly that one ship will haul as much of it as five or ten ships could in its natural form. And that one ship need not even be refrigerated.

Here, for example, is what dehydration does to the size of some foods you know: The juice of 25 cases of oranges, dehydrated, fills one small case. A case of 30 dozen eggs displacing two cubic feet shrinks to a case occupying less than half a cubic foot. An amount of milk, canned, which would require 121 ships to transport it, needs, when powdered, only 29 ships of the same size. (Incidentally, the first shipment of dried

HERE'S how dehydration saves ship space. Say it takes ten ships to carry a certain number of sides of pork to Britain. Dehydrate

and compress all the meat on those sides and send along all the lard, too, and it will all stow neatly into just 3.12 identical vessels.

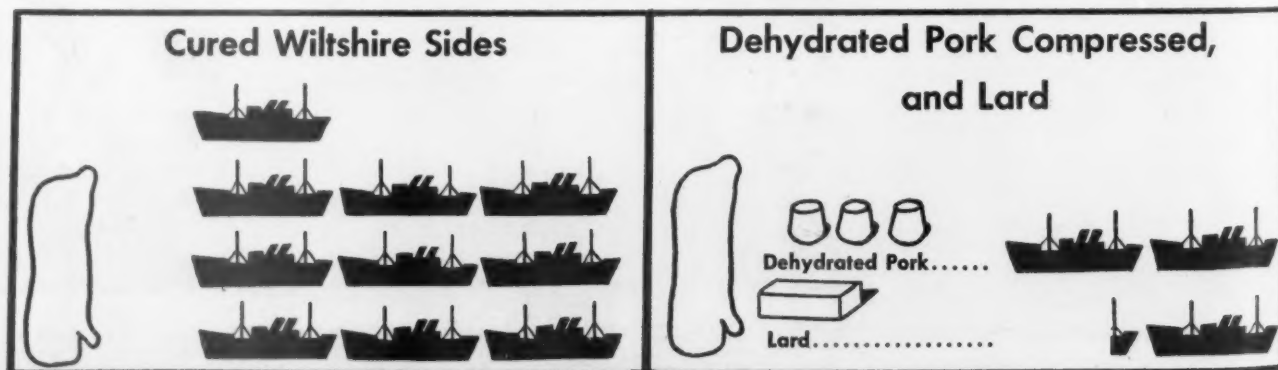


Chart and photo above, courtesy Swift & Co.

milk went to the gallant defenders of Malta. Today one-third of the milk shipped from America is in that form.) Such fantastic reductions in bulk make the estimate that dehydration has spared 1,000 ships easily believable.

Weight savings are almost as impressive. Eighteen pounds of cabbage, 11 of milk, and four of meat become, dehydrated, one pound, respectively.

True, these "war babies," sired by lend-lease and born of tin and shipping shortages, aren't so pretty to look at as fresh leafy vegetables or good red meat. Various-ly they resemble such things as dog biscuits, brown sugar, popcorn, greenish-white shreds, or wood shavings. But dunked and cooked in water, they swell and come to life with virtually no loss in proteins, carbohydrates, and minerals; no more loss in vitamins than occurs in fresh products standing in a store; and with almost no sacrifice of flavor. So America is going to send abroad food and more food, not water, since water from the Nile or the Thames or the Dnieper can be got on the spot!

Here's how a 1943 overseas Army cook prepares whipped potatoes: He takes five gallons of precooked, shredded, dehydrated potatoes, adds five gallons of boiling water, salts them, and soaks for five minutes over low heat. Then he whips at high speed for two minutes, adding butter and two gallons of milk. The whole procedure takes only a few minutes, and the product is indistinguishable from one made with natural "spuds." And—no "K. P." victims had to do the peeling!

But somewhere there's a veteran who's going to exclaim that they used to dish out these "dehydrated" foods in the last War, and in candor he'll add that they tasted like moldy hay. For that matter, "desiccated" vegetables were used during the American Civil War. The soldiers called them "desecrated." Dried codfish dates even further back; it was the first colonial export. Go back further still and you find that Indians used to live on dried "jerky" beef and corn; still further, that Genghis Khan's soldiers were sustained by dried mares' milk. You yourself are familiar with dried



THREE sweet potatoes shrink to a mere handful of amber chips when dehydrated. Water will restore their mealy goodness.

THIS MISS (below) is sealing a can of cabbage in a California dehydrating plant. It is destined for some far-distant doughboy.



Photos: U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, top by Forsythe

plums (prunes), dried grapes (raisins), perhaps dried apples.

No, dried foods aren't new . . . but between those of Grandpa's day and the dehydrated product of today there's as much difference as that between his spring wagon and his grandson's B-17 bomber. Science has done it. The basic principle in all food-dehydrating processes is the drying of cut-up or ground foods from the inside out. If great heat is applied at the beginning, there is danger of the formation of a bony-like structure on the surface of powdered or crystallized foods.

example, are sprayed onto hot revolving drums. Their water content evaporates quickly, and they peel off the drums like paper. By one method, milk is sprayed in a fine mist into a drying chamber, where it strikes a current of warm air and falls in a split second as fine white powder; by another, it is run onto a hot drum and scraped off. Eggs are sometimes sprayed, sometimes dried in metal trays in cabinets through which hot air is forced. One dozen eggs thus shrink to a five-ounce, vest-pocket package of powder which is good in almost any recipe call-

other dehydration achievement. Mixed with skim-milk powder, cold water, and salt, it becomes an excellent butter substitute, retaining its food values and saving 20 percent shipping space.

But perhaps the newest development in this new industry is compression. It's a matter of gilding the lily! First, by dehydration, you drive out the water, then, by squeezing, you expel the air as well. Foods so treated are compressed into blocks or briquettes, with a 30 percent reduction in milk bulk and an 80 percent reduction in cream-of-cabbage soup. One pound of brick potatoes yields 24 servings; a shoe-boxful, 100. Dinner in a capsule isn't yet with us, but your soldier son's "K" or "parachute" rations come close. They consist of three good meals in three compact little packages usable from 20° below zero to 135° above.

A few dehydrated products have reached your table: packaged soups, onion and celery salt, eggs and milk in commercial bread, cakes, and ice cream. But the war which made this industry also needs its full output. About 200 American companies are dehydrating today as against five in 1940, and nearly all their products are exported. The post-war uses of dehydrated products are nevertheless staggering. They can ease a major headache during the period, variously estimated at from 18 months to six years, when the United States must be the world's pantry. They will serve as a reserve, easily transportable, in times of flood or other disasters. They can, as a cheap, wholesome, and easily moved food, do much to insure the fourth freedom—freedom from want. They will make life more pleasant for the housewife.

2. Improved freezing methods. Quick freezing, applied science's antispoilage triumph, like dehydration, has a past and a future. Frozen fish were nothing new when, in 1931, frozen food in packages was put on the market for the first time.

All modern quick-freezing techniques have speed in common. In slow freezing, large ice crystals form, which break cell walls, cause juices to run out under thawing, [Continued on page 58]



THE MASTER'S STYLE, AS SEEN BY PUNCH.

Therefore, exteriors are kept moist by controlled humidity until the innermost part of the product has acquired the desired temperature. After this heat is increased, the product gives off its own moisture, and becomes dehydrated within seven to 15 hours.

In modern dehydration careful processing of the raw food before the actual drying operation helps to insure the quality and keeping stamina of the ultimate product. There are careful selection, washing, grinding, or slicing where necessary, and, with every vegetable but onions, blanching. Blanching, done usually with steam, but occasionally with water, renders inactive certain chemical substances (enzymes) which would otherwise cause deterioration.

The commonest methods of dehydration are spray, tray, and revolving drums. Tomatoes, for

ing for eggs, and which also, on its own, can be successfully scrambled.

Let's follow six crates of carrots, weighing 198 pounds, from bulk to concentrate. The vegetables arrive at the dehydration plant about an hour old. They are topped, trimmed, washed, scraped, cut into quarter-inch disks, and spread evenly over wire trays. They are exposed to steam for six minutes, then go into the dehydrators at 150°-180° F. for four hours. The final yield is 17 pounds, which fills two five-gallon cans.

Even meat, thanks to experiments by the Department of Agriculture and by meat packers, is being successfully dehydrated. So far the miniature steak or chop is, of course, still a pipe dream, but ground beef and pork emerge as delectable hamburgers or stews.

Butter oil that won't spoil, even at a temperature of 110°, is an-

● **Safer Checks.** Latest addition to the pitfalls laid for thieves and forgers is the use of fluorescent chemicals in the coating on the paper of checks. While the checks appear innocent enough in visible light, they glow under the invisible rays of an ultraviolet lamp. Unaltered checks shine forth their purity from a dark box containing the ultraviolet lamp and placed on the teller's counter. Any tampering is instantly visible as dark spots where the coating has been removed.

● **Rubber 'Lung.'** A new device strapped to the back of the victim now administers artificial respiration with less risk to the victim's ribs than the hand method taught to first aiders. The "lung" is made of rubber and is reported to be effective in shock drowning and like calamities where artificial respiration is needed. The machine is not so rough as some first aiders.

● **Powder from Wood.** Development in peacetime of a method of using wood pulp instead of cotton to make smokeless powder is reported to be saving American ordnance plants about 20 million dollars this year. The original purpose of the new method was to cheapen cellulose nitrate used in plastics and lacquers. Now its value has been greatly increased by war, for wood pulp is more plentiful than cotton with some of the country's allies—Canada and Australia, for example.

● **Potash Analysis.** Potassium, essential element in fertilizers, is the only common chemical element possessing radioactivity. Lately, advantage of this peculiarity has been taken to provide an accurate and rapid method of analyzing materials containing potash. The chemical procedure for this purpose is long and tedious. However, the perfection of instruments to detect and measure radioactivity has made possible a new and simple method to make this analysis. Previous instruments for measuring radioactivity have not had the requisite sensitivity to analyze samples for potash. Now the time required for this analysis has been reduced from 24-36 hours to a few minutes, thanks to modern supersensitive instruments.

● **Petroleum Shortage.** The prodigious rate at which global war is draining petroleum reserves is causing alarm. New wells are not being drilled fast enough and the discovery of new fields is prac-



tically at a standstill. The trouble arises from the fact that wells are being forced to yield oil at the fastest possible rate. A slower rate will yield more oil ultimately, since rapid pumping leaves much oil in the deposits.

● **Powdered Liver.** A new technique, developed by the United States Department of Agriculture, allows liver to be dried to a brown powder that will keep without refrigeration. Formerly fresh livers had to be kept cold during shipment to prevent spoilage. By the new method, livers are liquefied by papain and then dried in a vacuum spray drier. Water is added preparatory to cooking or other use.

● **Soybean Rubber.** A new all-American synthetic rubber is now being produced from the oil of soybeans. Agripol, as it is called, cannot be used for tires. However, the original production of a quarter of a million pounds a month is expected to be expanded some sixteenfold in the next few months to meet the demand for nontire industrial uses. Raw materials are soybean oil and grain alcohol, both products of American agriculture. Agripol has neither the tensile strength nor the abrasion resistance of natural rubber, but it does possess superior ageing qualities. Its principal uses now will be in gaskets and molded articles required by the armed forces and industry.

● **Wooden Manhole Covers.** To save metal, covers for manholes in streets are being made of wood treated to prevent decay and insect attack. Perhaps the new covers will become regulation in the future, since they do not rattle and clang when cars pass over them, as cast-iron covers do.

● **Synthetic-Tire Problems.** Differences in the amounts of heat generated in operation of tires of natural and synthetic rubbers are requiring alterations in tire design to fit the new materials. Troubles of this kind have been foreseen and are now subjects of intensive research. When the redesigning has been

accomplished, we can be sure that our new post-war tires will be as good as, if not better than, the ones we used to have. Passenger-car tires of synthetic rubber are already reported as excellent, but some of the heavier tires for trucks and busses are not yet fully up to standard.

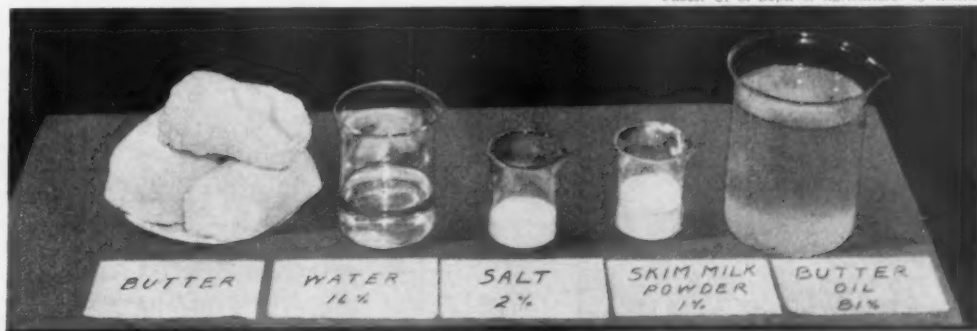
● **Plastic Skis.** War's demand for ski-borne troops in northern Winters has prompted the development of a new method of making these sport necessities. Wood is bonded with synthetic resins and cured in the desired shape. When the ski is completed, it retains all its desired qualities at extreme temperatures, boiling water to subzero cold, and requires no clamps to hold it in shape. The method used for quantity production of military skis was developed by an aviation company.

● **Coal for Filters.** Selected anthracite coal has proved more efficient than sand in the type of filters often used to clarify water supplies or sewage effluent. Even though coal costs more per ton than sand, the smaller weight required and its higher efficiency as a filter medium make coal cheaper. Soft coals are not so good.

● **Bombquakes.** The heavy bombs now used in war do much of their damage to buildings through shock waves, resembling earthquakes, set up in the ground. The effect is especially strong on foundations and any type of building can be damaged by the swift-moving earth shock. Steel frame buildings of modern design are least likely to damage because of their elasticity. Strong explosions set up waves in the earth somewhat like water waves, but having a character depending upon the nature of the soil. Studies of damage in bombed areas are leading to important improvements in building design that will minimize earthquake damage in the future.

This department is conducted by D. H. Killeffer. Address inquiries to Peeps Department, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Photo: U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, by Rollins



THESE ARE the "makings" of butter. To ship this vitamin-packed spread to other lands but two ingredients need be sent—butter oil and dried milk. Result: much vital cargo space saved. Remaining necessary components can be supplied later at the point of destination.

'Half a Life'

SINCE 1913, when the Rotary Club of Syracuse, N. Y., contributed surgical care for handicapped boys and girls, "crippled children" has become an "activity" for countless Clubs. . . . But it's after the leg or back is straightened that the REAL battle commences for the handicapped person, as an anonymous cripple reports in this article.—Editors.

WHEN I was a sturdy youngster of 7, an accident left me misshapen and maimed in body. The details of the accident do not matter here. What I am thinking of is the twisted little girl who emerged into half a life in which there were no more games of tag and hide-and-seek, no more free, heady abandon in rough-and-tumble play.

A child does not understand the implications of such an accident. It took me a quarter of a century to realize them fully. At first there were only the lazy, too quiet convalescent days and the fun of gifts and attentions rained upon me. Presently, as my strength grew, I was set to learning how to make shift with what was left of my body. I learned to balance myself, to shuffle my feet in a queer, one-sided swing. I could walk again.

I found compensations, of course. I developed a passion for reading. I dreamed hours and days on end. And I learned certain types of handwork.



L. D. TALLENT was given new legs when a clinic sponsored by the Altus, Okla., Rotary Club noted his needs. Rotarians led in raising funds. Last year he got his university diploma.



Photo: (top) Altus Times-Democrat

School put me back again among other children, but how school had changed. Though the children were friendly, I was never so lonely. I was different, apart, shut away by a pair of unsteady legs from my own childhood. It wasn't the children's fault if I was left alone—a child must run and jump, shout and tussle. I would have done the same in their place.

But I was lonely for them. Shy, I had nothing to say when virtuous mothers bade them play with me. Nor were they more at ease than I. I learned to talk with old ladies and to play with babies. During my teens it was the same, for others were adventuring in all the picnicking and partening which are the delight of high-school boys and girls. I did not catch up with my own generation again until I was graduated from college and the swift youthful years of my contemporaries edged into a soberer adulthood.

My experience is not unique. I can name you half a dozen men and women, boys and girls, in my own small community who have come through the same kind of isolated childhood into a blighted maturity. According to the 1930 Census, there were 57,123 deaf mutes and 63,593 blind in the United States. The incidence of infantile paralysis in 1938 was 1.3 cases for 100,000 population; in 1937, 7.4; in 1936, 3.5. Many victims of the disease in these and preceding years have been left with disabled bodies. In autopsies of Baltimore, Maryland, infants four to 18 months old, 36 percent of the white children and 62 percent of the colored were found to have rickets. Approximately 3 million American school children are deafened, and another million are so defective in speech as to require treatment. Most estimates suggest that about half of all cripples are children under 16.

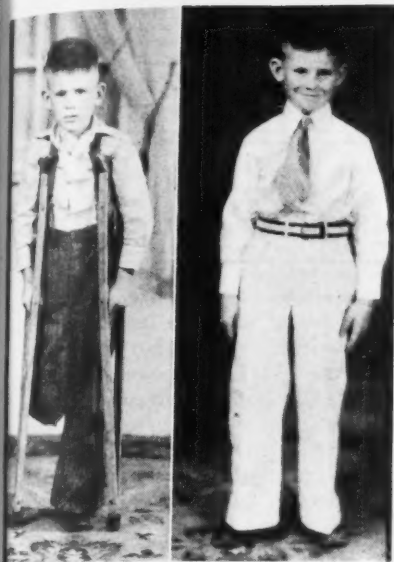
As Rotarians know perhaps even better than I, there is an increasing effort to furnish adequate medical care for every handicapped child, regardless of his financial status. If a child needs an operation or braces, there are State and private agencies to provide them. And, too, in the pleasant, impersonal atmosphere of a hospital, a child learns a great deal about personal adjustment to his deficiencies. As far as limited budgets will permit, these same hospitals are

furnishing educative and occupational aids that will help the small patient get on in the world. (In the state and national and international crippled children's societies which you have helped to found and to lead and to support, in the ceaseless work for the handicapped your Clubs carry on, and in the State rehabilitation departments to which you have given wise leaders, you Rotarians have done a tremendous job quietly. You have placed the emphasis where it first should fall—on physical rehabilitation. May I beg that you do not slight the rehabilitation of that other and perhaps even more important half of the young crippled person's life—his morale. Nothing, as you know, works more quickly toward that end than a useful job—and the training for it.)

The kindest care, the most intelligent substitute activities, cannot alleviate much of what a cripple must face. At best, his can be only an incomplete life. One's schoolmates get a job, marry a girl, and plan for their children's education. Maiming, unfortunately, makes no provision for these needs. But a lame youngster, too, admires the heroine of the senior play and dreams of spending a mythical pay check. Many a handicapped boy or girl is more capable, in warm emotional tone, in adaptability, even in actual physical strength, of marrying and becoming a parent than another of normal physical appearance who is precariously balancing a tubercular lung or weak emotional stability. Yet from these is many a cripple barred because he looks different. Rare indeed is the person who can happily marry one physically abnormal.

THE same is true to a great degree in earning a living. Fortunately for me, I have had excellent vocational training and for years have been able to earn my own way. I am perfectly aware of our great contemporary examples of the overcoming of handicaps—I have the warmest admiration for these achievements. But most of us are not Franklin D. Roosevelts or Helen Kellers. We are ordinary people of average intelligence, capable of moderate success under normal circumstances. If we are fortunate enough to secure training for a profession or skilled occupation, we run into hazardous odds. When I was in college, my advisors were kind when I cast about for a possible occupation, yet they were honest. Though I had come from a family of teachers, I was told I had scant chance in that field where appearance counts so much.

In the end I took the job that opened. Fortunately have I been to hold a job at all—I know that. And I have had many pleasant, satisfying experiences with my employers and fellow workers. I have had employers whose only requisite was my adaptability to the work at hand.



PURCHASE of an artificial leg by the Lubbock, Texas, Crippled Children's Council (started by the local Rotary Club), transformed 7-year-old Bobby Lee Mudd from a wistful kid on crutches to a self-reliant lad.

not how I would look in an office, how I got upstairs, or what provision I was making for my older years. But during the years I have learned some of the social implications of handicaps, how some employers are neither so broad-minded nor so considerate.

I have learned to pit my slender resources against that subconscious tendency of others to suspect me of potential breakdown and chronic inefficiency. I have tried to be overly conscientious about overtime during rush seasons, about the small details which keep an office operating smoothly. If I am inefficient, it is not because I have not given my job my best efforts, but rather because I am trying to do something beyond my strength and there is no middle course between this and complete dependence on people helpless, as I, to do much about it.

I don't ask for quarter. But a small voice within tells me that in the not too distant future I shall pay dearly for my attempt through the years to meet living on the same terms as stronger co-workers.

Some of us can't get jobs because nobody wants us. I know an intelligent lad well trained to do office work who has never had a permanent position. Would you yourself want a dwarfed assistant rocking about your office on disease-hooped legs? I know a girl so unsteadily poised that it is distressing to see her walk across a room. No, there is no job for her. Most people don't want such employees, and I know how they feel—I am uncomfortable thinking of my own appearance.

Yet I read, several years ago, of a New Jersey firm which experimented successfully with the employment of handicapped persons. And better still,

I have just recently read in *THE ROTARIAN* how Connecticut is calling thousands of eager but partially disabled folks to its roaring arms plants.* Connecticut and any other State that may do likewise will find, as that New Jersey plant found, that these handicapped people are highly satisfactory, steady workers, remarkably free from erratic flare-ups. They will try to maintain their jobs with credit. I can understand that. There is little in our lives to make us heady.

And so we come to what thousands of us have never been able to escape, and may not even now—dependence and helplessness. We literally live through the graces of other people. Our need for the doctor, our purchase of a dressing robe, is primarily another's decision. Our parents weaken and die, we pass into the hands of brothers, of brothers-in-law. Handling our heavy, helpless bodies can be a formidable chore to the most affectionate relative. Years of too-much-time, too-little-to-do, not-enough-change, have played the devil with our dispositions. There are fewer sainted invalids than tradition supposes.

It is true that we have our compensations now, just as we did in childhood. We read and make quilts, we write verse and pray, we have our friends' calls and our interest in the day-to-day activities of our families. A bit of cabinetmaking, the care of our own hair, can become a triumph over self and circumstance. But in spite of these, one can be dishearteningly aware of physical helplessness and economic dependence. War has but sharpened that.

The dragnet is being thrown far and wide to bring in every child who needs a foot straightened, a spinal operation.

**'Man-Salvage Clinic,'* by T. E. Murphy, August, 1942.

Many of us have been kept alive at great effort and expense and are the pride of the local medical profession—they "saved" us. Saved us for what? For half a life? For 25 years of exhausting effort to fill a normal routine beyond our physical resources? For 50 years as helpless appendages on other people's homes? For a lifetime of wanting to run down a hill, to buy a garment "all by myself," to get dinner for one's own husband and his friends? Presently even the wanting grows stale and we want only an end to the struggle.

IT IS scarcely fair to save us only to breathe. I wish another dragnet could be thrown so that the life adjustment of cripples would not be left to chance, as their medical care once was. I want those Winters in Arizona for my friend who needs them. I want some profitable work for that lad far out on the farm. He may live for 50 more years—he has a good brain. For us pitted against too great odds, I want opportunity on our level of physical ability.

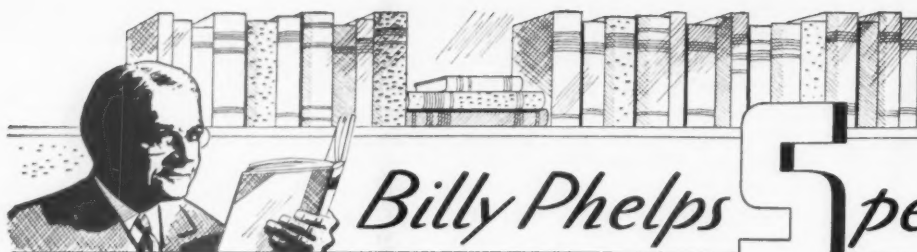
I wish it were possible to establish therapeutic institutions where vocational opportunities were open, where a cripple, regardless of economic status, might learn a profitable trade or skill adapted to his interests and strength, and there earn the care his condition requires. There he might become an asset to his family, his state, and his nation, and there, under circumstances adapted to him, earn the board and keep and care he must have to live.

Even so, he would still face many an emotional and personality hazard. But the knowledge of his new value to society would give him immeasurable aid in self-mastery.

We have been saved. For what? For half a life?



ROTARIAN Irvin S. Cobb (center), famed humorist, visits an orthopedic clinic partly supported by Long Beach, Calif., Rotarians, with President John Davis (left) and Rotarian B. F. Tucker.



Comment on Recent Books and
Things by William Lyon Phelps,
Educator, Reviewer, and Author

Billy Phelps Speaking

AS THIS ISSUE of THE ROTARIAN is emphasizing youth, let me mention an incident that happened in my classroom at Yale. I was teaching Tennyson and the lesson for that day was *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, first printed in 1886, which received a blast of condemnation from old Henry Watterson in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. In this poem Tennyson lamented what he thought was the degeneration of youth; the younger generation was going to the dogs. The girls were reading Zola, thus losing reverence and reserve; the young men had no standards. I remember I asked the class, "Why is it that the older generations have always thought the younger generations were going to the devil?" And an undergraduate replied, "Perhaps the younger generations would have gone to the devil if the older generations had not always thought they would," which remark I think was a real contribution to the subject.

Even in Homer (about 1000 B.C.) the poet spoke of his degenerate times and how inferior people were to their ancestors. And before his day a stone dug up in Egypt bore this inscription: "The youth of our time are effete and unmanly, not at all as they were in the good old days." From 1900 to 1914 I used to hear American college undergraduates condemned as having no sense of responsibility, no ability to endure hardships, too fond of luxury, etc. I *knew* these critics were wrong, because I knew college undergraduates. The World War came; and these same luxury-loving boys endured hardships that no Spartan could have survived.

About 600 years before Christ, someone asked a philosopher, "What is the easiest thing to do?" He replied, "To give advice." I give advice only when I am asked for it. But with one tremendous exception. My professional work consists largely in recommending books to all kinds of readers; when I read a book I enjoy, I wish to share that pleasure with others. Hence in this article I shall recommend, especially to young men and women, books that I think will give them knowledge and entertainment.

When I was a little boy, I read both classics and trash; I read the *Bible*, Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, and I also read *Jack Harkaway among the Indians*, *Frank on a Gunboat*, the complete works

of Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger, etc. Trash—but exciting. It is better for small boys and girls to read worthless books than not to read at all; even the worthless books may be a gateway to fairyland, may prove how far one can travel in an armchair through the magic of books.

But the boys and girls since 1890 are more fortunate in this respect than were we in the '70s and '80s, and this good fortune is owing to one man—Robert Louis Stevenson. *Treasure Island* is a wild blood-and-thunder story, but it is also a work of consummate literary art. It belongs among the imperishable classics. All Stevenson's novels are exciting, and *written with distinction*. Thus young readers get excitement and unconsciously get lessons in the art of writing, even as a cultivated man who has had wild adventures combines in his talks about them thrills and charm.

* * *

Another author I recommend is Jules Verne. When I was a boy, I read all his books (in English, of course): *From the Earth to the Moon*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea*, *The Mysterious Island*, *Around the World in Eighty Days*; and today there is a great revival of interest in him, because so many of his miracles have come true. Make no mistake about it: Jules Verne is coming back. Last year a new biography of him appeared by Kenneth Allott; and this year another by George H. Waltz, Jr., called *Jules Verne—The Biography of an Imagination*. I recommend this one especially for general reading. It has only about 200 pages in large type, with a chronological list of his works and a bibliography, by which we learn new books about him are appearing in French, German, and Italian. This renewed interest is certainly partly caused by the miraculous age in which we are now living. In 1903, only a short time before his death, I met Jules Verne on the street in Amiens, France; he was very gracious and talked to me for some time.

* * *

Many young people want to *write*—they want to become authors. The latest book to appear on this subject is by a famous author, Stephen Leacock, and is called *How to Write*. Being a humorist, he cannot keep laughter out of his

book, but in the main it is serious and commonsensical, filled with practical advice on how to become an author. He regrets that he did not begin earlier. He did not begin to write books for the general public until he was 40. In recent issues of this magazine I recommended *What's the Good Word?*, by Maxwell Nurnberg, and *What a Word!*, by A. P. Herbert.

* * *

Nearly all young people nowadays are interested in the theater. Of all the arts, the U.S.A. has made more progress in the theater than in any other within the last 25 years. As it is difficult to keep up with new plays visually unless one lives near New York, I recommend Burns Mantle's volumes which have appeared annually since 1919. The latest is called *The Best Plays of 1941-42*, and is invaluable for all who wish to know the contemporary theater. Every play is listed, with the date of its opening, the cast, the length of the run, etc., and ten plays are given almost in their entirety. A great deal of information, biographical and otherwise, is included. The year 1941-42 was a bad one for new plays in America, and for the second time since 1917 the Pulitzer Prize judges made no award. That will not happen in the Spring of 1943, because already a number of plays have appeared worthy of the prize. Mr. Mantle had to choose, therefore, his ten best, and wisely chose *Candle in the Wind*, *In Time to Come*, *The Moon Is Down*, *Blithe Spirit*, *Junior Miss*, *Letters to Lucerne*, *Jason*, *Angels Street*, *Uncle Harry*, *Hope for a Harvest*. All lovers of the theater should be grateful to Burns Mantle.

* * *

I salute the accomplished author Struthers Burt for two new books, one in verse. *War Songs* is a slender volume packed with energy. It is like the blast of trumpets, and rises finely to the theme of the greatest war in history. His new prose book, *Powder River*, is in a way also filled with martial music, because it is a story of wild days in a wild country, Wyoming. It belongs to the splendid series of American rivers of which more than 20 volumes have already appeared, and which give the history of America in a particularly delightful way. Struthers Burt has chosen *Powder River*—look at a map of Wyoming. Terrifically exciting scenes have

happened along its banks and you will find he has described them with gusto.

For some reason there is an immense revival of interest in Greek literature; not in the study of the Greek language, but in Greek drama, philosophy, history in English. All the Greek plays—the best in the world with the solitary exception of Shakespeare—all Plato's dialogues, the complete works of the great historians Herodotus and Thucydides, have recently appeared in translation. And let me especially recommend one volume of 882 pages, *The Greek Reader*, compiled and edited by A. L. Whall, of Cambridge University. This contains in one volume selections in English from Homer to Meleager, who wrote about 75 B.C.

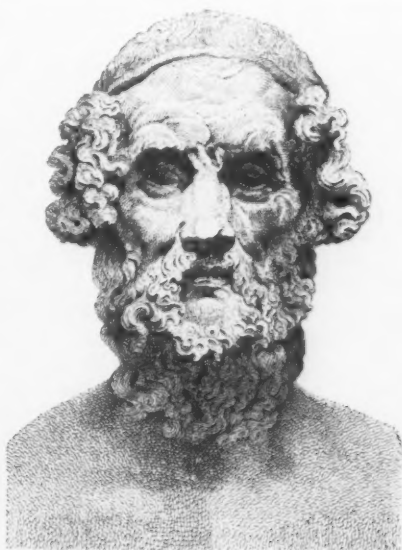
Apart from these volumes, I wish to recommend to young men and women two new smallish books which will excite their interest and inspire and entertain them: *The Challenge of the Greek*, by T. R. Glover, and *The Great Age of Greek Literature*, by Edith Hamilton. These are interesting. The astonishing thing is that from the Battle of Marathon (490 B.C.) till near the close of that century, the city of Athens, an entirely independent State, produced immortal drama, philosophy, and history books, as well as buildings and statues that have never been excelled. But the most astonishing thing is that Athens was a democracy that worked. Men and women were free; they said what they thought, and they thought a great deal; they had no king, no dictator, no ruling class, either in politics or in religion. They were delighted to welcome aliens who could contribute any new ideas; the general conversation of intelligent people and the audiences at the theaters reached such an intellectual height that in comparison the citizens of Boston today seem like morons.

Furthermore, there was an immense amount of fun in those happy days; and, what would now be called by many serious kill-joys, a tremendous overemphasis on athletics. The champion amateur athletes were the idols of the public. You see we can still learn a great deal from those Greeks; and if you want to know how such a community came into being, read the two books I have just mentioned, and then some of the Athenian writers. Of course such marvellous individual liberty had to be fought for; the Persians tried to enslave them, but those liberty-loving individualists could fight—even as the greatest military force the world has ever seen is today trying to enslave free men and women and discovering that people in the democracies can fight.

Turning for a moment from literature to applied science, in addition to *Science Remakes Our World*, by the astronomer

James Stokley, which I recommended in the February *ROTARIAN*, here is another book written for the general public by the accomplished Williams Haynes, called *This Chemical Age: The Miracle of Man-Made Materials*. It is copiously illustrated. In order to make sure that this book would fit the needs of the "general reader," the author says the manuscript "has been read by the delightful wife of a distinguished physician, a lady who knows no more about chemistry than you and I do about Cherokee grammar. Whatever she has not found clear and understandable has been rewritten." The continuous excitement enlivening its pages comes from the fact that fairyland today is found in the world of science. Edison, as one example, was a greater magician than the genii of the Arabian nights. Any girl who reads this book is Alice in Wonderland, only the Wonderland is real. I became acquainted with the author when he gave a talk at the New Haven, Connecticut, Rotary Club on the new chemical products. He showed then that he could make the subject clear even to a scientific ignoramus like me. He proves it again in *This Chemical Age*.

Youth Goes to War is a book of a little over 200 pages with illustrations on



EVEN IN 1000 B.C. the poet and storyteller Homer bemoaned his degenerate times and held the people inferior to their ancestors.

nearly every page giving the necessary information that will help boys and girls to prepare now for any branch of America's armed services. The information given is exact and definite.

No author in American history is better known to the public than Mark Twain. Hence any information about his life and career is welcome. *Young Sam Clemens*, a lively and entertaining book about Mark's childhood and youth, written by Cyril Clemens, will give new

information about the most extraordinary personality in American literature. Meanwhile, I advise all my readers who can manage it to visit Hannibal, Missouri, on the Mississippi, where Mark spent his boyhood.

A large pamphlet book of 160 pages costing only 25 cents is *Detective Story Annual* (1943) consisting of ten murder stories by well-known writers. The type is so good that it can be read easily, and it is convenient, owing to its extremely light weight, for carrying in a travelling bag.

Do not be disturbed or chilled by the title of another new book, *Thinking for Every Man*, by A. G. Melvin. This is not one of those short-cuts, telling you how to think so that you will begin the book a moron and end it with flashing intelligence. The subject of thought and profitable thinking on subjects worthy of thought are here dealt with by a professional. The object of this book is not to make you a more entertaining table companion, but to make you a man so interesting that you really can live with yourself. It is full of challenging and arresting ideas.

It seems that *Vogue*, as quoted by the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* (January 30, 1943), printed the following:

"Next to George Lyman Kittredge, who taught English at Yale, The Beard's greatest inspiration was Sarah Bernhardt. Kittredge's whiskers, Woolley thinks to this day, were noble."

Inasmuch as Kittredge taught only at Harvard and for more than 40 years, Laurence McKinney, the author of those delightful books *People of Note* and *Garden Clubs and Spades*, and a member of the Albany, New York, Rotary Club, sends me from *The Bulletin* his original verse, which I am proud to print:

*Those days when Kitty taught at Yale
(And Sarah did strip teases)
And Monty, beardless, slim, and pale—
With no corrosive wheezes:
'Twas then I brooked no Jovian wrath,
Got no Shakespearean helps
At Harvard, where I studied math
With William Lyon Phelps.*

Books mentioned, publishers and prices:
—Jules Verne, Kenneth Allott (Macmillan).
—Jules Verne—*The Biography of an Imagination*, George H. Waltz, Jr. (Holt, \$2.50).
—*How to Write*, Stephen Leacock (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50).
—*The Best Plays of 1941-42*, edited by Burns Mantle (Dodd, Mead, \$3).
—*War Songs*, Struthers Burt (Scribner's, \$1.25).
—*Powder River*, Struthers Burt (Farrar & Rinehart, \$2.50).
—*The Greek Reader*, edited by A. L. Whall (Doubleday, Doran, \$5).
—*The Challenge of the Greek*, T. R. Glover (Macmillan, \$3).
—*The Great Age of Greek Literature*, Edith Hamilton (Norton, \$3.50).
—*This Chemical Age*, Williams Haynes (Knopf, \$3.50).
—*Youth Goes to War* (Science Research Associates, Chicago, Ill.).
—*Detective Story Annual* (Street & Smith, New York, N. Y., 25c).
—*Young Sam Clemens*, Cyril Clemens (Leon Tebbetts, Falmouth Publishing House, 4 Milk St., Portland, Me., \$3).
—*Thinking for Every Man*, A. G. Melvin (John Day, \$2.50).



POTENTIAL selectees do "the manual" in Huntington's Military Unit. They use Ross rifles—which "heft" the same as the Army's rifles.

Hep-Hep! in Huntington

"AT-TENTION!" barked my Chief. I clicked my heels smartingly—while Scoopy "fell out" to chase an enemy flea.

"You and your 'aide' will leave at once—under sealed orders," he commanded. "You'll be met at your rail destination and escorted to the outskirts of the skirmish. Get hep . . . and get a story! Now—Forward MARCH!"

The next day Scoopy and I reported in Huntington, New York—our objective. Saluting us on the platform were G. Clifton Sammis, President, and William F. Koernig, Immediate Past President of the local Rotary Club. "What, sirs, is it all about?" I asked, in bumbling buck-private style. "Why am I here to see what?"

"To see our town on the offensive," answered President Sammis. "But, Bill—you tell 'em. You started this when you were Club President."

Rotarian Koernig grinned modestly. "After Pearl Har-

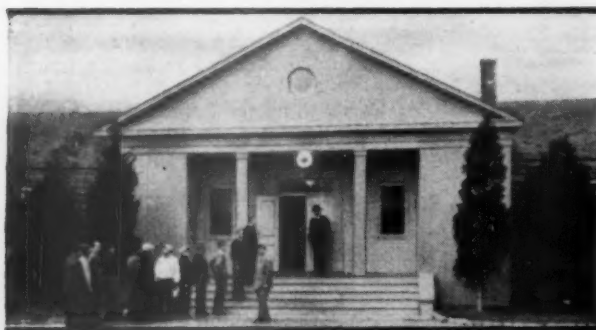
bor," he began, "the Rotary Club of Huntington—of which Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson is an honorary member—decided it wanted to do more than buy war bonds. So we sprung on the American Legion the idea of establishing a volunteer pre-induction military training course for men of military age. The Legion approved. Then the Board of Education asked to 'join up.' The Huntington Military Unit you're about to see is the result. Let's watch drill."

Double-timing it over to the high-school gym, we found some 60 young men "doing the manual" under the direction of the staff which Rotarian Koernig heads. They were hitting hard a program designed to provide the Army with well-trained men and to ease the jolt of jumping from civilian to military life. Which it does! Almost 800 men, I learned, have already received thrice-weekly training in marching, manual-of-arms exercises, bayonet drill, map reading, guard duty. Many are now in the services.

In addition to pre-induction training groups, classes are sponsored for high-school boys of 17 to 19, and for older men to be trained as auxiliary police and air-raid wardens. Twelve former servicemen act as instructors.

Results? Take the case of Ronnie Fullerton, a graduate of the Unit. On his first day in the Navy, an officer asked, "Who's had military training?" Ronnie stepped up, executed a few commands, was assigned to take over a detail. Soon he had shaped 150 men into "one of the finest companies in the outfit."

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



A DOZEN recruits queue up before the Unit's headquarters in the American Legion Hall, and await their turn to join. Fifty boys and men showed up on the first night of registration.

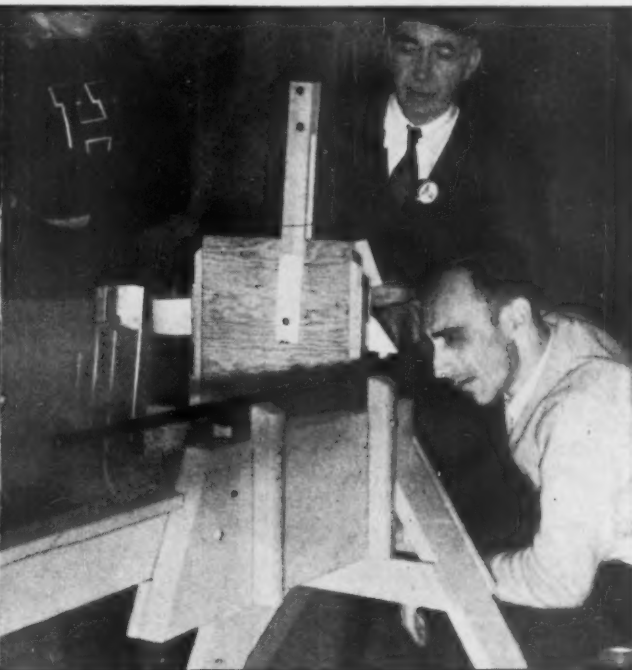
IT'S NATURAL that there'd be a photo of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson in the Huntington Rotary Club's meeting place. He's an honorary member and has his home in Huntington. Past President William Koernig shows the picture to American Legion Commander H. L. Mills.





"IT SNAPPY," admonishes Instructor-Rotarian Alfred Sapone as he corals. But the boys like it! Some walk several miles to drill.

HOW NOT to hold a rifle! They're raw recruits, but they won't be long. They are waiting for their first lesson on how to "fall in."



DE "fall out" and "Captain" Koernig shows a practical approach to a problem. Classes include older men who train for home-defense work.

THIS DRY sighting device trains marksmen. Pupils must aim within 1/16 of an inch by triangulation before firing on the range.

TYRO MARKSMAN is taught adjustment of sling, sighting and aiming breathing, and trigger squeeze. . . . Then the instructors check his results.





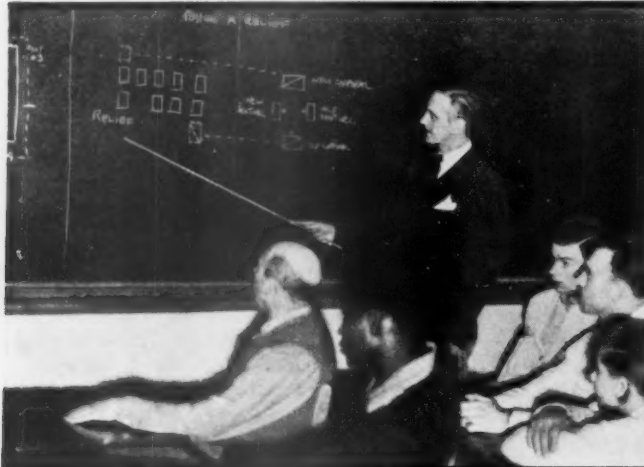
"KNOCK his block off!" cries the instructor as a pupil shoves a gun butt at the dummy.



BAYONET drill teaches the correct position for a "jab" to the dummy's throat.



"GETTING tough" may come in handy, too. There're no mollycoddles in this man's army.



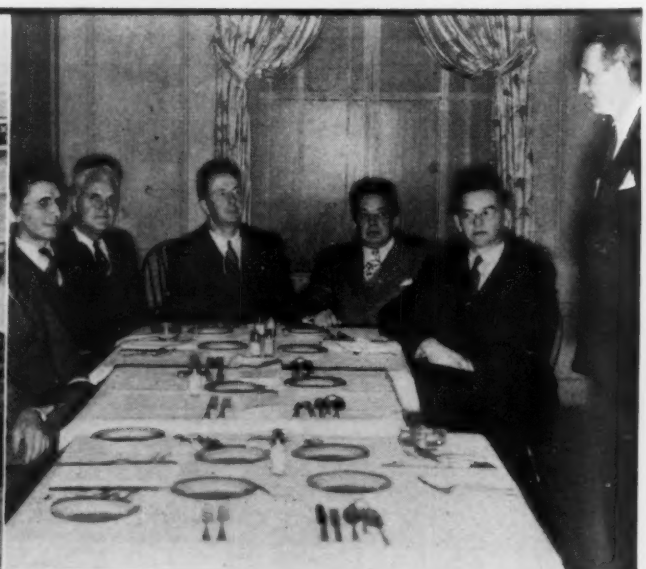
"CAPTAIN" Koernig shows an interested class how to post a relief when out on maneuvers. Instruction also includes map reading.



TOY SOLDIERS model "as skirmishers" in extended order for battle formation. Observe outline of formation "M" on the blackboard.



IN STEP with the times. Townspeople line the streets to see the snappy, well-drilled Huntington Military Unit march by on parade.

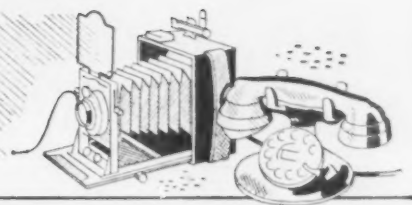


DIRECTION of the Unit lies in the hands of a Citizens' Advisory Committee—to which Rotarian Koernig here reports on progress.

Rotary Clubs
5,123

Rotarians
205,000

Rotary Reporter



A GAIN FOR GOODWILL

BY WAY of radio comes news that a Rotary Club has been organized in CIUDAD TRUJILLO, the capital of the Dominican Republic, in the West Indies. The Club, the first in this nation, was organized by Manuel Galigarcia, a Director of Rotary International and a member of the Rotary Club of HAVANA, CUBA. The President of the republic, Raphael Leonidas Trujillo y Molina, is Honorary President of the new Club.

CIUDAD TRUJILLO, formerly known as SANTO DOMINGO, was founded in 1496, and is the oldest existing settlement of white men in the New World. The town's cathedral dates from 1512 and contains the reputed tomb of Christopher Columbus.

Clubs Help Train Needed Nurses

Because of the shortage of trained nurses due to the war, the Rotary Club of DEARBORN, MICH., announces a student-nurse scholarship loan fund for women between the ages of 18 and 35 who agree to take up nursing as a profession and who are unable to finance themselves. . . . The Rotary Club of CHILLICOTHE, MO., recently advanced funds to a young woman to enable her to take a nursing course.

Ingenious Clubs Won't Be Licked

Rotary Clubs around the world accept the challenge of war and refuse to be licked. Despite rationed gasoline, fuel, and food, they find places to meet—and ways to get there.

The INVERELL, AUSTRALIA, Club, for example, lost its "home" in a restaurant and moved to a hotel. After three months the lack of a sufficient hotel staff forced it to move to a bowling club, where it follows the example of the Rotary Club of LONDON, ENGLAND, and has an "austerity meal" of sandwiches and fruit, served by the members.

When its regular meeting place closed, the Rotary Club of CLINTON, MADISON, AND GUILFORD, CONN., moved to the Club Secretary's home. Members of the GUILFORD Canteen Women's Group serve the luncheons.

Walking, the sharing of cars, and pub-

lic transportation made it possible for the Rotary Clubs of BRANSON-HOLLISTER, BOLIVAR, LEBANON, and SPRINGFIELD, MO., to hold the intercity meeting they had planned. It was held in SPRINGFIELD, and, including wives of Rotarians, 200 persons were present.

When the Rotary Club of DUNCAN, ARIZ., could not obtain its regular meal recently because of lack of accommodations, each member brought a sandwich to the meeting and gave the price of the regular dinner to Rotary International's Relief to Rotarians Fund.

Rotary must "carry on" even in a war zone is the decision of the WAHIAWA-WAIALUA, HAWAII, Rotary Club, which recently resumed weekly meetings.

The Rotary Club of MAGNOLIA, ARK., believes it has contributed more men to "the colors" than any other Club in its District, with its active membership dwindling from 35 to 15. However, it has built the number back to 25, and four more new members will be inducted soon, reports a Club spokesman.

Due to Government restrictions on automobile driving, the Rotary Club of JENKINTOWN, PA., has changed its meeting place from a country club to a nearby restaurant.

Even the weather conspired against the MONTEREY, CALIF., Rotary Club recently, but its meeting was held nevertheless. The Club formerly met at a large resort hotel, but when the Navy took it over, it moved to another where luncheon is served on the roof. Since the weather is a military secret, members had no intimation that it would be

"unusual" on a certain Thursday. They arrived at the hotel to find that the windstorm they had braved had cut off all electric-power facilities, which, of course, stopped the elevators. But the Rotarians were undaunted. Though many are past the half-century mark, all walked eight stories to the roof—only to find that luncheon could not be served because of the power shortage! However, they voted to have their program first and then return to the ground floor for lunch. The President's Rotary classification, by the way, is electric light and power!

Boys Get 2,000 Acres for Camp

Two thousand acres of redwood country in Mendocino County, Calif., have been turned over to the SAN FRANCISCO Boys' Club by the Rotary Club of SAN FRANCISCO. This includes the site of the Boys' Club Summer camp, which accommodates 400 boys and cost \$45,000 to equip.

Bomber Campaign Bursts Ceiling

When COLLINGSWOOD, N. J., staged a campaign to sell \$450,000 in war bonds and stamps to purchase a bomber and two fighter planes, the goal was oversubscribed by \$70,000. The Rotary Club of COLLINGSWOOD took an active part in the campaign.

Add 9,154 Names to 'Declaration'

Signatures of 9,154 Chicago persons, supporting "The Declaration of War by the Unarmed Forces of the United States of America," have



MISDEMEANORS of members were read out in meeting when these "parsons" appeared on "memorabilia" night, an annual affair

of the Rotary Club of Winston-Salem, N. C. But it was all in fun and not so solemn as it looks. "Ribbing," indeed, ran riot.



For Democracy's Children

Boys and Girls Week is an outgrowth of Boys Week, originated in 1920 by the New York City Rotary Club. It now is observed in many countries; for pictures of an observance in Guayaquil, Ecuador, see page 49. Dates for the Week in the United States are April 24 to May 1. The theme for this year is "Learning the Ways of Democracy." The program will include these "days":



Parade Day, April 24—Youth parades and pageants. . . . *Day in Churches*, April 25—Easter services to stress spiritual guidance. . . . *Day in Schools*, April 26—Parents to visit classes and exhibits. . . . *Day in Occupations*, April 27—Tours of industry and interviews. . . . *Day of Athletics and Entertainment*, April 28—Contests and field meets. . . . *National*

Service Day, April 29—Patriotic rallies and historical pageants to emphasize youth's part in war effort. . . . *Health and Safety Day*, April 30—Health and safety campaigns, posters, exhibits, and essay contests to stress importance of good health habits. . . . *Day Out of Doors and Evening at Home*, May 1—Hikes, picnics, other informal family gatherings.

been sent to C. Wayland Brooks, United States Senator from Illinois, by the War Activities Committee of the Rotary Club of CHICAGO, ILL., along with a specially bound cover describing the "Declaration." Copies, with a letter pointing out that the signers are citizens from all vocations and positions in life, were sent to various Senators, Congressmen, Governors, and other political leaders. Including those previously sent by other Rotary Clubs, and 50,000 signatures obtained by Kiwanis International from its clubs, more than 80,000 signatures have been sent to Washington.

Clarence P. Clark was the author of the "Declaration," which pledges that the signers "shall exert every human effort toward the production of war munitions and supplies in maximum quantity at maximum speed and at minimum cost."



WHEN THE FIRST Institute of International Understanding was held outside the United States, more than 3,500 persons attended the sessions. It took place in Sarnia, Ont., Canada, was sponsored by the Rotary Club. Gerhart H. Seger (above), former member of the German Reichstag, who escaped from prison and fled to the United States in 1933, was one of the speakers.

Swiss Aid Art of Wood Carving

To aid an art which war has greatly hampered, the Rotary Club of BERNE, SWITZERLAND, has "adopted" the Wood Carvers School at Brienz, and has conducted a competition for toys among artists and apprentices. Prizes were awarded for the best models, which were then turned over to the school to be produced on a large scale and placed on sale.

4-H Leaders Meet —with Rotary Aid

Although gasoline rationing and farm-labor shortages curtailed the length of the sessions, the fourth annual 4-H Club adult-leader training conferences were held in seven Indiana cities recently, with Rotary Clubs of Districts 154, 155, and 156 co-operating. The Clubs pay the expenses of adult leaders from their counties who attend the conferences, the purpose being to train men and women to lead 4-H Club work. The programs include training in 4-H Club records and rules, techniques of home economics and agricultural projects, and even in group singing.

Food, Fun, Prizes Fill Farm Night

More than 450 persons attended the 11th annual farmers' night banquet sponsored by the AYLMEY,

ONT., CANADA, Rotary Club recently. Speakers included M. F. Hepburn, Provincial Treasurer for Ontario and former Premier. A program of vaudeville and music made the evening a memorable one for the farmers and the youthful members of the Potato Club, who were also on hand as guests. Ninety prizes, donated by businessmen of the community, were awarded.

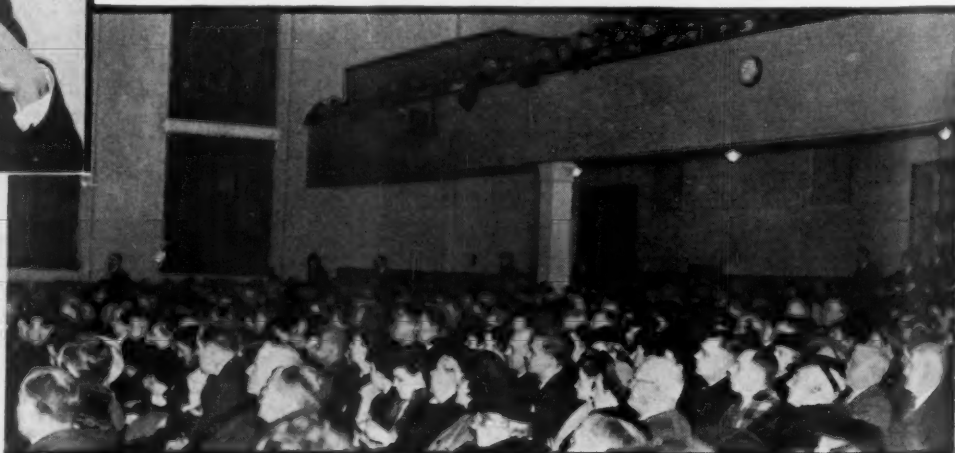
The Rotary Club recently sent £111 to the Rotary Club of NUNEATON, ENGLAND, the third contribution made to aid it in its relief work.

Tickle Tots with Toys in Panama

Seventy-five hundred poor children of PANAMA CITY, PANAMA, recently received toys purchased from a fund of \$4,000 raised by the Rotary and Lions Clubs of the city, when they helped sponsor a vaudeville and sports show. Members of the supporting organizations provided many gifts.

Pictures Cheer Crippled Boy

Through the interest of members of the Rotary Club of CASS CITY, MICH., a crippled boy in their city has collected more than 5,000 pictures, keeps them neatly arranged in a scrapbook. The lad, who can get about only in a wheelchair, is also remembered by the Club with gifts on his birthday an-



niversary. . . . Part of the crippled-children fund of the Rotary Club of GRAND LEDGE, MICH., is used to employ a handicapped young girl to type its weekly bulletin.

Medal to Moses Marks High Service At the conclusion of his ninth year as commissioner of the parks of NEW YORK, N. Y., Robert Moses was awarded the Distinguished Service Medal of the Rotary Club of New York. Present at the luncheon in his honor were a number of outstanding leaders in the city's industrial, business, and political life.

Club Blushes and Apologizes When the Rotary Club of INVERELL, AUSTRALIA, celebrated its sixth birthday anniversary with an "austerity supper" for the benefit of the Prisoner of War Funds, all went well until the beginning of the musical program, which followed the supper. When the members looked at their programs, they discovered the typesetter had transposed two letters and the word "pianist" read "pafhist."

Now the 'C' Award —for Coöperation Individual acts of outstanding excellence and importance to the war effort are recognized by the Rotary Club of CUSHING, OKLA., by the award of a "C" pennant—for "coöperation." Chevrons also are presented for additional acts of service.

Quarter-a-Week Works a Wonder After paying a personally imposed "tax" of 25 cents a week for two and one-half years, members of the Rotary Club of NORWOOD, MASS., amassed \$1,000 with which they furnished a room in the new wing of the local hospital.

Wayne Nets Sum with Tournament In its first effort to raise funds for Community Service Work, the Rotary Club of WAYNE, PA., sponsored a basketball tournament between four local high-school teams and netted \$178.

Manila Rotary Flag Still Flies The Rotary Club of TALLAHASSEE, FLA., believes it possesses a rare flag—that of the Rotary Club of MANILA, THE PHILIPPINES. The flag, a small, gold-bordered rectangle bearing the Rotary emblem, was given to the TALLAHASSEE Club by a former MANILA Rotarian now in the United States.

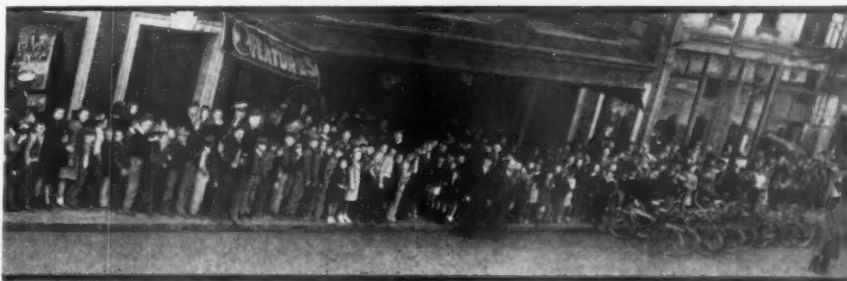
Two Churchills Boost the Bidding Collectors had a field day when a rare book, entitled *Lives of All the Kings of This Isle*, written by Sir Winston Churchill, father of the first Duke of Marlborough and published in 1675, was auctioned for the benefit of the patriotic funds of New Zealand. It had been given to the Dominion's Prime Minister, Peter Fraser, while in England on a recent visit. The bidding eventually became a contest between the cities of AUCKLAND and WELLINGTON, but the latter won when the local Rotary



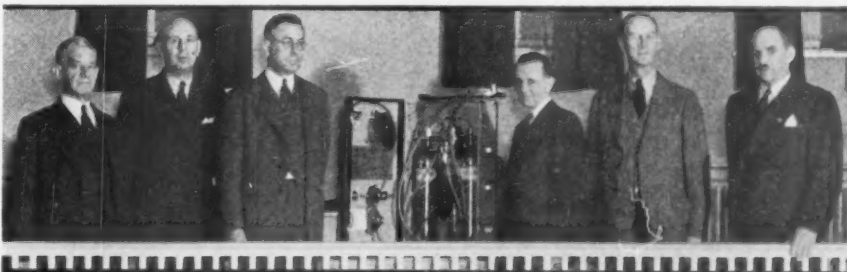
HUNDREDS of children, from toddlers to 12-year-olds, "await the gun" in the annual Easter egg hunt of the Middleport, Ohio, Rotary Club. Special guests are boys and girls of the Meigs County Home.



RIGHT: Rotarians Robert Coats and Emmet Shuler and Mrs. Shuler color eggs on the night before the hunt. Numbers are placed on the eggs and prizes are awarded to the winners. Rotarians Jasper Grate and Homer Cook provide ice cream and candy.



WASHINGTON, IND., youngsters look forward eagerly each year to the Easter theater party which the Rotary Club sponsors. Besides the movie, there are prizes and candy eggs.



ABOVE: When the Cranford, N. J., Rotary Club celebrated its 20th anniversary, it gave the city an inhalator-resuscitator.

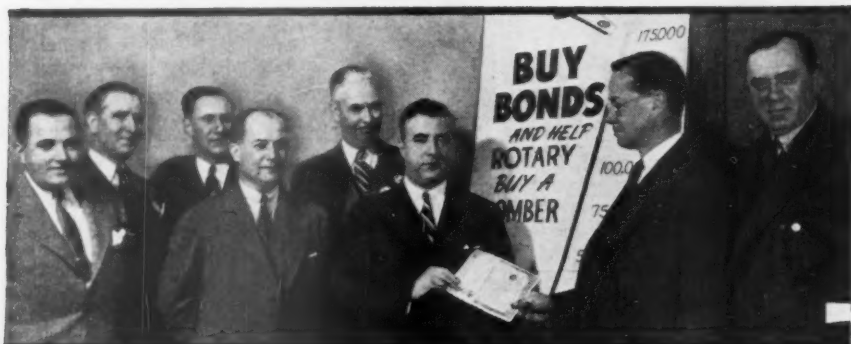
BELOW: These Fontana, Calif., children canvassed their community for "scrap." Then local Rotarians collected it—150 tons of it!





Photo: Potter

MEN WAITED ON themselves at the annual Edgerton, Wis., "farm night"—attended by 1,650!



NOT CONTENT with selling \$178,931.75 in war bonds to its 176 members in five weeks, for the purchase of a bomber, the Rotary Club of Newark, N. J., is continuing its bond campaign.



HONOR students and an R.C.A.F. pilot were recent guests of Rotarians at Duluth, Minn. EN ROUTE to Rotary? A cutter saves "gas" for Club President Link, of Superior, Wis.



Club formed a syndicate and bid \$250 for the volume. The book, which contains the autographs of Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Prime Minister Fraser, has been presented to the WELLINGTON Public Library.

Supports School Bible Course

A monthly contribution is made by the Rotary Club of BELHAVEN, N. C., toward the support of a Bible course in the local schools. . . . In the Servicemen's Center in which the Rotary Club of Omaha, Nebr., is interested is a stack of pocket-sized Testaments on a table with a sign "Help Yourself." More than 7,000 Testaments have gone into the boys' hands—and pockets.

13 New Clubs . . . 8 Silver Fêtes

Congratulations and best wishes to the following 13 new Clubs recently admitted to membership in Rotary International: East Hampton, Conn.; Odebolt, Iowa; Agua Prieta, Mexico; Coroico, Bolivia; San José de las Lajas, Cuba; Crateus, Brazil; Pictou, N. S., Canada; Bassett, Va.; Coelemu, Chile; Carlos Casares, Argentina; Tehuacan, Mexico; Cipolletti, Argentina; Tuxpam, Mexico.

Congratulations to the following Clubs which will celebrate their 25th anniversaries in April: Winfield, Kans.; Bluefield, W. Va.; Monroe, La.; San Juan, Puerto Rico; Fort Scott, Kans.; Medicine Hat, Alta., Canada; Mineral Wells, Tex.; Troy, Ohio.

Cash Pours In for Rotarians in Need

Despite the vicissitudes of war, four of the six Rotary Clubs in District 100 (Hawaii) have contributed to Rotary International's Relief Fund for Rotarians since the beginning of the present Rotary year. Clubs contributing were HONOLULU, HILO, MAUI, and WAHIAWA-WAIALUA. . . . District 108 (certain portions of California) holds a 100 percent record, with every Club in the District having contributed to the Fund. . . . District 157's (in Ohio) record is 75 percent. . . . Harry B. LaBarr, of SAYRE, PA., chairman of a special promotion committee for the Fund in District 177 (in Pennsylvania), reports that Clubs there are working hard for the Fund.

One Club, KNOXVILLE, TENN., has made six contributions in six months, the amounts being raised through "sacrifice" luncheons, whereby members eat lighter and cheaper meals and contribute to the Fund the difference in price.

Ready—If Home Casualties Come

Hard at war work, the Rotary Club of EDEN-NORTH COLLINS, N. Y., has raised funds through a series of entertainments to equip civilian-defense casualty stations, and has installed a telephone in a near-by observation post. It also has contributed \$175 to the Red Cross.

April Rotary Calendar

April 7-8—Aims and Objects Committee meets in Chicago, Ill.



COSTUMED in Chinese finery, these tots are performing in a school dancing contest which Boys and Girls Week includes in Guayaquil.

Boys and Girls Week in Ecuador

WELL SUITED to warm-natured, child-loving Ibero-Americans, Boys and Girls Week has caught on in scores of cities from the Rio Grande to Patagonia. In Cuba and Chile, this creation of North American Rotary Clubs (see page 46) has become a national institution. A celebration typical in its color of the others is that in Guayaquil, capital of Ecuador. Here, sponsored by the local Rotary Club, the Week is held each December. These photos show what happened at its most recent observance.



THIS LAD rests after playing "The Little Drum" which is a dance typical of Panama.



DRUMMER BOY. He likes this week-for-the-children—he gets to thump on the drum.



THESE CHILDREN, too, are entrants in dancing contests.

Though known as Children's Week in Ecuador, it is a true Boys and Girls Week.



ON "SPORTS' DAY" these boys and girls compete in a swimming meet. The Rotary Club of Guayaquil awarded prizes to the winners.



Scratchpaddings

EASTER Seal. Only 15 percent of America's handicapped children get instruction in classes adapted to their needs, according to E. W. PALMER, of Kingsport, Tenn., Past Director of Rotary International and president of the National Society for Crippled Children of the United States of America. The tenth annual sale of Easter seals (see cut) March 26 to April 25 may increase that percentage, for proceeds will be used to advance the welfare of crippled children and adults.

"We should give crippled children a chance to play, so that they can grow up with normal contacts and proper social adjustment," ROTARIAN PALMER says, adding:

"We should give them, as they grow older, proper vocational guidance and training for the business of earning a living and helping make America strong and great. . . . During the next few years the restoration of the physically handicapped to productive capacity is going to be more a question of necessity than generosity. We should see to it that prejudices and legal restrictions are removed so that our handicapped youth can get a job and hold it."

Many of the hundreds of Rotary Clubs which stress Crippled Children Work take an active lead in the promotion of the Easter seal.

Bowls 'em Over. IRA A. LEHMAN, President of the Rotary Club of Detroit,

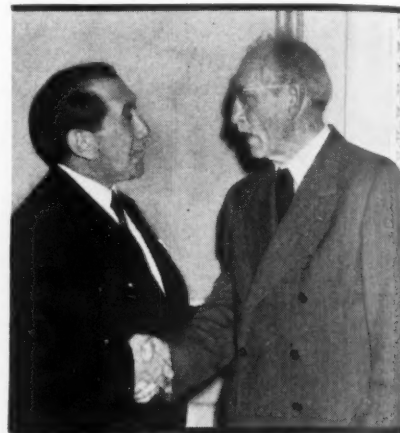
Mich., not only took the lead in his 20-team bowling league with a score of 256, the highest game rolled by anyone this season, but consistently rolls scores above the 200 mark.

Honors. In recognition of his community service and "observance of high ethical standards in his profession," the Rotary Club of Xenia, Ohio, has presented a "service award" to DR. BEN R. McCLELLAN, one of its members. . . . GUY E. MANLEY, a member of the Rotary Club of Rochester, N. Y., has been elected chairman of the board of directors of the National Boot and Shoe Manufacturers' Association. . . . Two members of the Rotary Club of Springfield, Ill., were recently honored. RONALD GRAHAM was elected president of the American Society of Farm Managers and Rural Appraisers, and CHARLES B. STEPHENS was named executive secretary of the Illinois State Bar Association. . . . When a dinner was held to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. FATHER FRANCIS MAGUIRE, a member of the Rotary Club of Wellington, Kans., the officers of the Club attended in a body. . . . FRED M. STAKER, a member of the Rotary Club of Kansas City, Mo., has been reelected to the senior advisory committee of the Financial Advertisers' Association.

RODOLFO VIRREIRA FLOR, President of the Rotary Club of Cochabamba, Bolivia, has been appointed Minister of the Supreme Court. . . . THE REV. MR. H. COCKBURN, an honorary member of the Rotary Club of Dumfries, Scotland, has been named liaison officer at the Ministry of Information in New York between

the Protestant churches of Great Britain and the United States.

They Still Meet. Although gasoline, fuel-oil, and food rationing have caused hardships and difficulties, only seven of the 3,548 Rotary Clubs in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda have found it impossible to continue meetings according to schedule. Of the seven, several are county Clubs which include small villages within their extensive territorial limits. . . . The 500 smallest Rotary Clubs in the USCNB have had a net increase in membership each month during the first half of the present Rotary year. . . . During December, with all Districts in the USCNB reporting, there was a net gain of 240.



CONGRATULATIONS! Fernando Carbajal, President of Rotary International, extends them to Dr. E. H. Bradley, of the Peoria, Ill., Rotary Club. The reason? He has hung up a 30-year record of 100 percent attendance.

Flowers to White. When WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, editor-owner of the Emporia (Kans.) Gazette, celebrated his 75th birthday anniversary, fellow members of the Rotary Club of Emporia sent him 75 roses. Messages of congratulations poured in to "the sage of Kansas" from all over the United States, including a telegram from PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT. It said:

Congratulations on reaching the three-quarter mark. I hope that during the next 25 years you will be with me all the time instead of only three and one-half years out of every four. I think that in a quarter of a century the firm of WHITE and ROOSEVELT might be able to bring the Four Freedoms at least to this nation of ours.

Complete Visits. It wasn't easy, but Governors of 43 Rotary Districts in the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Bermuda have completed their official visits to their Clubs. The first five to complete them were the Governors of Districts 108, 156, 139, 176, and 171, and in that order.

LEFT: A resolution commending President Carbajal for fostering a better understanding among nations. It was adopted by the Legislature of Texas on the occasion of his recent visit with Rotarians in the Lone Star State.

RIGHT: President Carbajal accepts adulatory greetings from the State "U" while visiting the San Antonio, Tex., Rotary Club.

H. C. R. No. 22

HOUSE DOCUMENT RESOLUTION

WHEREAS, The Honorable Fernando Carbajal, President of Rotary International, is visiting within the boundaries of Texas; and

WHEREAS, He is a distinguished citizen of our sister American Republic, Peru, and, in addition, an eminent citizen of the entire Western World; and

WHEREAS, He is rendering outstanding service in bringing about a better understanding among all of the Nations of the Western Hemisphere and is contributing largely to laying the foundation for a lasting unity between all of the Nations; and

WHEREAS, The State of Texas is greatly honored and deeply gratified to have him as a guest within her borders; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, That cordial greetings and sincere expressions of friendship be extended to Mr. Carbajal, and through him as a distinguished citizen, to his native country, Peru, and to all other countries into which his travels shall take him; and be it further

RESOLVED, That these greetings be extended to Mr. Carbajal during his visit to the City of San Antonio.

John Lee Smith *Price Daniel*
President of the House Speaker of the House

I hereby certify that H. C. R. No. 22 was adopted by the House on February 4, 1943.

Clarence Jones
Chief Clerk of the House

H. C. R. No. 22

I hereby certify that H. C. R. No. 22 was adopted by the Senate on February 4, 1943.

Bob Barker
Secretary of the Senate

APPROVED *February 4, 1943*
Date

Charles R. Hawman
GOVERNOR



Sculptor's Gift. Forty pieces of sculpture, the work of POMPEO COPPINI, a member of the Rotary Club of San Antonio, Tex., have been presented by the artist to Baylor University, the oldest university in the State. In addition to more than 40 public monuments he has been commissioned to do for cities throughout the United States and Mexico. ROTARIAN COPPINI executed four massive sculptures for the Alamo Cenotaph in San Antonio (see *Coppini, Commentator*, in THE ROTARIAN, October, 1939). The sculptor was formerly a member of the Rotary Clubs of New York, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.

Show Increase. Exclusive of new Clubs and five nonreporting Districts, 150 Rotary Clubs in Ibero-America have shown an increase of 451 members since July. The total number of Clubs in Ibero-America is 581.

Honor Secretaries. Observing the 25th anniversary of her employment, the Rotary Club of New York, N. Y., honored its Executive Secretary, Miss ELLA CLARK, and presented her with a gold watch set with diamonds. In accepting it, Miss CLARK told of her work and said she possibly had listened to 7,000 speeches during the 25 years.

Another Executive Secretary to be honored recently at a Club luncheon is Miss M. BETTY GARDNER, who has served the Rotary Club of Pittsburgh, Pa., since 1922.

Recordings. Many Rotary Clubs use phonograph recordings to supplement their regular programs. Four which may be obtained from the Chicago Office of the Secretariat of Rotary International are: *President Carbajal*, a five-minute greeting to Clubs; *Past President Davis*, a 17-minute recording of highlights from his address to the annual Convention at Toronto, Ont., Canada, last June; *Four Avenues of Service*, a 25-minute transcription on Rotary service; and *Milwaukee Fireside Meeting*, a seven-minute discussion on Rotary wartime service activities.

Presidential Travels. Paying surprise visits continues to delight FERNANDO CARBAJAL, President of Rotary International, as he continues his tour of Rotary Clubs. In Peru, Ill., he arrived just as the Rotary Club meeting was convening and registered as a visiting Rotarian. He was not immediately recognized, but when it was learned his homeland is Peru, it was suggested that he should

go to Peoria, Ill., the next night "as the President of Rotary International, also from Peru, would speak at the Rotary Club meeting there." PRESIDENT CARBAJAL replied he "would like to see what kind of a fellow that President from Peru is." A few minutes later the President of the Club extracted a confession from PRESIDENT CARBAJAL as to his identity.

PRESIDENT CARBAJAL did visit the Peoria Club, accompanied by six members of the Peru Club, whom he introduced as "fellow Peruvians." His visit marked the 30th anniversary of the Peoria Club, and the banquet held in celebration was attended by 465 Peoria and central Illinois Rotarians.

When PRESIDENT CARBAJAL paid an unannounced visit to the Gillespie, Ill., Rotary Club, he attempted to conceal his identity, but the President of the Club, who had met him in Toronto, Ont., Canada, recognized him at once.

In Springfield, Ill., Rotarians escorted PRESIDENT CARBAJAL to Abraham Lincoln's tomb, where he placed a wreath, and then took him on a tour of historical places. Following his address to the Club, he was presented with a Lincoln medallion.

Members of the Petersburg, Ill., Rotary Club took him to New Salem, Ill., where he visited Lincoln's home and saw the restoration of the town as of Lincoln's time.

Students from 12 Latin-American countries attending the University of Wisconsin were guests of the Rotary Club of Madison when PRESIDENT CARBAJAL visited it. Rotarians and their wives from southern Wisconsin Clubs also attended.

Add: Statesmen. To the list of State Governors and United States Congressmen who are members of Rotary Clubs, add the names of WILLIAM H. WILLS, Governor of Vermont, an active member of the Rotary Club of Montpelier, Vt., and REPRESENTATIVE ROBERT F. ROCKWELL, an honorary Rotarian at Paonia, Colo. The names of L. C. HUNT, Governor of Wyoming, a member of the Cheyenne, Wyo., Rotary Club, and LISTER HILL, United States Senator from Alabama, an honorary member of the Montgomery, Ala., Rotary Club, inadvertently omitted from the list published in the February ROTARIAN, were announced in the March issue.

Wants Movies. FERNANDO CARBAJAL, President of Rotary International, would like to have, as mementos, movies taken



"I CAME ALONG TO CARRY HIS BAG."

TWO OF ROTARY'S officials, as sketched by Cartoonist-Rotarian Ray Barnes, of Grand Rapids, Mich., when they visited the city.



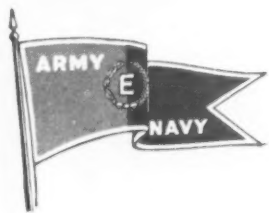
PERUVIANS MEET. Fernando Carbajal (left), of Lima, Peru, at Rotary Club of Peru, Ill.



"WHERE . . . embattled farmers stood," at Concord, Mass., President Carbajal views "The Minute-Man" with District Governor H. F. Howe (left) and Club President F. Verrill.



Photo: Pattenon



Add: 'E' Award Winners

Twenty-eight firms in the State of Alabama have won the U.S. Army-Navy Joint "E" Award, given for efficiency in the production of war equipment. Nineteen of them are headed by Rotarians or have a Rotarian as their most important production official. The Rotary Club of Birmingham itself has in its membership representatives of five of them and is so proud of the record that it will hold a State-wide celebration soon at which all 28 firms will be honored. Birmingham companies which have won the award are:

Continental Gin Co. ROTARIAN

MERRILL E. PRATT, **Dunn Construction Co.** ROTARIAN

W. R. J. DUNN, **Stockham Pipe Fittings Co.** ROTARIAN

LESTER N. SHANNON, **Anderson Brass Works.** ROTARIAN

SAMUEL M. JACOBS, **Tennessee Coal, Iron & R. R. Co.** (three awards). ROTARIAN ROBERT GREGG.

Other firms to win the award recently include:

Hosdrez Manufacturing Co., Huntington, Ind. ROTARIANS RICHARD J. HODSON and JAMES P. SPILLANE.

Allegheny Ludlum Steel Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN F. PRICE NORRIS, JR.

Keokuk Electro-Metals Co., Keokuk, Iowa. ROTARIANS G. L. WEISSENBURGER and E. H. FRIES.

General Electric Co., Ontario Works, Ontario, Calif. ROTARIANS WILLIAM H. TANGEMAN and WILLIAM BATCHELOR.

Ohio Injector Company, Wadsworth, Ohio. ROTARIANS HENRY LE BEAU, ORIN HANCHETT, HOWARD DOSTER, and W. C. DAVIS.

Unitcast Corp., Toledo, Ohio. ROTARIAN JOSEPH L. TILLMAN.

MB Manufacturing Co., East Haven and New Haven, Conn. ROTARIANS JOSEPH WIRTZ, ROLLIN W. METTLER, and FRED HUNTER, all of East Haven.

Crucible Steel Co., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN CHARLES H. STOEKLE.

Jenkins Brothers, Bridgeport, Conn. ROTARIANS BERNARD J. LEE, Bridgeport, and WILLIAM H. UTZ and KENNETH V. CARMER, New York, N. Y.

National Supply Co., Toledo, Ohio. ROTARIAN E. HAROLD WILLIAMS.

American Pulley Co., Philadelphia, Pa. (awarded Navy "E" and also the flag of the Naval Bureau of Ordnance). ROTARIAN ARCHIE CHANDLER.

Ingersoll-Rand Co., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIAN WILLIAM B. BRENDLINGER.

Mack International Motor Truck Corp., Philadelphia, Pa. ROTARIANS FRANK A. WARNER and HERBERT L. WOHLING.

National Cash Register Co., Philadelphia, Pa. (awarded Navy "E"). ROTARIAN ROGER W. BURMAN, **American Blower Corp., Philadelphia, Pa.** (received Army "E"; received Navy "E" previously). ROTARIAN BENJAMIN ADAMS.

of his wife and himself at the 1942 International Assembly and Convention. Both 8mm. and 16mm. are desired, and he has requested that any Rotarian having such film send a copy of that part of it to him at Rotary's Secretariat, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.

Composers. *Music for a Fiddle*, a violin composition by HUGO NORDEN, a member of the Rotary Club of Cranston, R. I., has been published in sheet form. . . . Words and music for *Loyal Men of Rotary* were written by ELI H. GRUBER, a member of the Rotary Club of Ardmore, Pa. ROTARIAN GRUBER now is a lieutenant in the United States Navy.

Cheese. Guests from New York and Wisconsin—both great cheese States—attended the golden-jubilee dinner which the Rotary Club of Van Wert, Ohio, held to honor EMIL FREY (see cut), inventor of Liederkranz cheese, and a former Rotarian. In addition to the out-of-town guests, 300 farmers and businessmen attended the banquet.

It was in the '90s that a New York delicatessen owner asked MR. FREY to



HONOR aged inventor of Liederkranz cheese.

duplicate an imported cheese which often spoiled in transit on the unrefrigerated ships of that day. Though he did not succeed in duplicating the imported product, he did make another kind which proved even more popular. It was named in honor of a famous old New York singing society "The Liederkranz," which means "wreath of songs." Since 1926 all of America's Liederkranz cheese has been manufactured at Van Wert, where MR. FREY lives in retirement.

Navigator. When PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT flew to Africa recently for the Casablanca conference, the navigator of the plane was THIRD FLIGHT OFFICER JAMES L. STEEN, son of ROTARIAN AND MRS. ENOCH STEEN, of Chicago, Ill.

Got an Old Trombone? Old musical instruments are wanted by the War Prisoners' Aid, 45 West 46th Street, New York, N. Y., for American boys interned in prison camps abroad. If you haven't any of your own, perhaps you can make a deal with your neighbor for that one his boy has been persecuting all these years.

Lumberman. J. CARHELL ROBBINS, a charter member of the Rotary Club of Stuttgart, Ark., and a Past Director of

Rotary International, has been elected president of the Southwestern Lumbermen's Association. He also is a director of the National Retail Lumbermen's Association.

Token. Besides granting \$1,000 annually for ten years to the Rotary Club of Flin Flon, Man., Canada (see March ROTARIAN, page 53), the will of SQUADRON LEADER PHILIP HERBERT FOSTER, who died in action over Norway, directed that his plumbing business be sold to his employees for \$10,000—a part of its real value. The squadron leader was a charter member of the Flin Flon Club, resigning just prior to his enlistment. He served with the Royal Air Force, and had survived one crash in which he received a broken back.

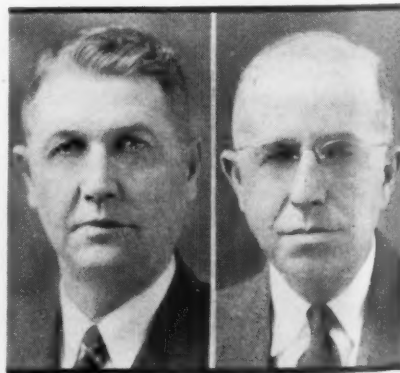


Foster

On Home Plate. BRANCH RICKEY, recently named president of the Brooklyn Dodgers baseball team, has been elected to membership in the Rotary Club of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Add: Beaver Awards. To the list of recent Rotarian winners of the Silver Beaver Award, given by the Boy Scouts of America for distinguished service to boyhood, add the names of J. G. WALTER DOPP, of Galesburg, Ill.; NEWELL B. VICKERY, of Mansfield, Mass.; and FRANK M. REED, of Zanesville, Ohio. Among those who have won the award in past years are ROY S. LANDON and GEORGE M. STRAIN, of Galesburg, Ill.; FRED E. GORDON, of Macomb, Ill.; ALLISON BELL, ROBERT W. REED, W. B. FIELDS, REX F. REED, and C. L. CARLISLE, all of Tupelo, Miss.; FRED G. GARRELS, of Lacon, Ill.; HERBERT HARTZELL, ROBERT A. MANCHESTER II, SIDNEY MOYER, and LLOYD R. WALLIS, all of Youngstown, Ohio; CHARLES W. AKINS, of Winona, Miss.; DR. H. B. ELLIOTT, DR. MASAO KUBO, JOHN M. ROSS, and STANLEY WILLIAMS, all of Hilo, Hawaii; FRED H. JOHNSON, ORVILLE B. LITTICK, and HALLER G. CURTIS, all of Zanesville, Ohio.

—THE SCRATCHPAD MAN



THESE two brothers in the Henryetta, Okla., Rotary Club hold perfect-attendance records totalling 37 years. ROSS Boerstler (left) hasn't missed a Club meeting in 16 years—but LEE bests him with 21 years!

Central America's Burma Road

(Continued from page 12)

a completely new overland supply artery is of vital importance not only to the nations along it, but, in their broad pattern of strategy, to all the United Nations as well.

The importance of the overland route to United States war industry is underscored by the recent agreement between the United States and Mexico for rehabilitation of key rail lines of the National Railways of Mexico, especially in Southern Mexico. This arrangement was necessary to facilitate the increasing movement of strategic materials from Mexico and Central America to the United States. Imports of metals and mineral ores alone over this route in 1943 are expected to be several times the volume of such freight in 1941. Mexico has agreed to double her mineral production for United Nations war industry. This includes lead, mercury, zinc, copper, and other important minerals.

Yucatan henequen, the leading fiber crop in the Caribbean area, has become of greater importance to the United States since the loss of vital fiber imports from the Far East. Mahogany, rubber, and other tropical supplies from Mexico and Central America likewise have become increasingly important to the United States, because of the shipping shortage and the necessity of developing near-by supplies of tropical materials to replace former imports from the Far East.

Into this pattern of tropical developments, the Inter-American Highway fits neatly. I would not go so far as to say that my fellow Americans may expect an extra cup of coffee for breakfast when this overland route is opened. More than half our coffee normally comes from distant Brazil and a large part of the rest comes from Colombia. Still, we may even get some coffee by this overland artery after strategic materials have been moved.

For local trade, the Inter-American Highway likewise holds still greater and equally important possibilities. Internal trade in the mountainous regions of Central America always has been hampered by lack of highways and railroads. Trade has been channelled primarily to the sea routes. Communications are inadequate, and there is little interchange of goods and services, little specialization of production. Some areas have relied partly or wholly upon food imported by ships. As a result, with the present shortage of shipping, food supply in this region is a serious problem.

Here, too, Central America benefits from cooperation in the solution of problems of common interest to the hemisphere. For instance, the wartime

increase in defense forces in the Panama Canal Zone has placed a new burden on local food production. Food prices have risen sharply. Now Costa Rica and Panama are undertaking to increase local food production to supply the Panama Canal Zone. This is a cooperative arrangement between those countries and the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, an agency set up by the Office of Inter-American Affairs in Washington to cooperate with authorities in the other American republics on these wartime problems.

The Inter-American Highway, therefore, will be of timely aid for expansion of local food production. When the road from San José, capital of Costa Rica, to David, Panama, is completed, it will be possible to ship fresh vegetables from the Central Plateau in Costa Rica by truck early one morning and to deliver them in the Panama Canal Zone the following morning. This will be

more than a help in supplying defense forces in the Panama Canal Zone and a saving of shipping. It will mean an opportune source of income for Costa Rican farmers.

In 1940, coffee, bananas, and cacao together accounted for nearly 90 percent of Costa Rica's exports. Export of these products now languishes for lack of shipping. Thus the raising of food for the Panama Canal Zone will assist in stabilizing Costa Rica's economy.

Moreover, the highway should be of assistance in developing strategic crops in Central America. In climate and soil, as well as proximity to the vast United States market, these countries are well suited for cultivation of fibers, rubber, drugs, and other tropical imports formerly obtained in large part from outside the Western Hemisphere. Work toward expanding this production in Central America is moving ahead. It includes the growing of 40,000 acres of abaca, source of manila hemp.

Agreements were recently made between the United States and Honduras, Costa Rica, and Panama to stimulate rubber production in these nations to help solve the rubber shortage. Besides abaca and rubber—quinine, palm oil, rotenone (an insecticide), and other tropical products are now in production. These crops may prove of permanent benefit for Central America in diversifying agriculture and strengthening economic relations between the Americas. Better highways are of inestimable value in the reorientation of production to the inter-American pattern recommended at the Rio de Janeiro Conference of American Foreign Ministers in January, 1942.

Just as the progress of the United States was based on expanded and improved communications, so may it be with the nations to the south. They may soon have an entirely new industry—the trucking industry. Spreading highways mean trucks; highways need maintenance; trucks and maintenance require men; men need shelter, equipment, and food. Trucks also require gasoline and oil, spare parts, dispatchers, loaders, drivers, and mechanics. Better highways and more trade also mean improved economic relations between the American republics. Although they lack the drama of military urgency, these longer-range economic aspects may well prove to be most important.

In Central America, Mexico, and Alaska, we build feverishly for wartime needs. Yet, at the same time, we build for the future. It is the future that is expressed in the original conception of the Pan-American Highway System. When it is completed, this 15,000-mile system of roads and auxiliary connections will provide the physical links between the Americas. And once you have that, real economic and cultural unity cannot be far behind.

Odd Shots

Can you match the photo below for uniqueness, human interest, coincidence, or just plain out-of-the-ordinary-ness? Then send it to the Editors of *The Rotarian*. If used, the "odd shot" will bring you \$3. But remember—it must be different!



"SOME KNOT, is it knot?" asks A. E. Luckenbill, Tomah, Wis., Rotary Club Secretary, of this photo. A prankster farmer knotted a seedling, it grew—and this is the result.



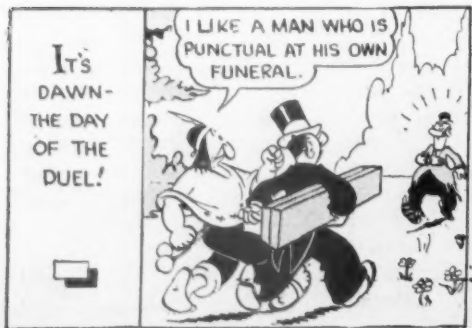
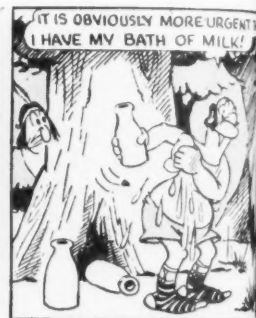
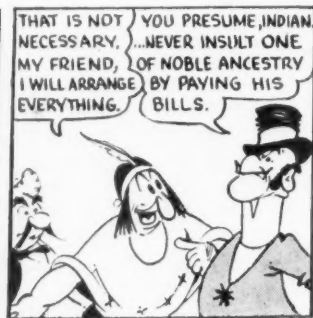
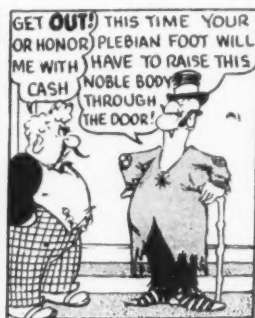
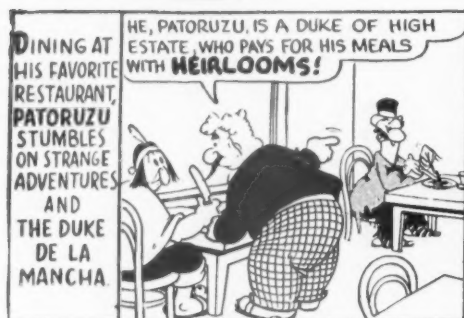
Now Young Yankees Laugh at a Latin Comic

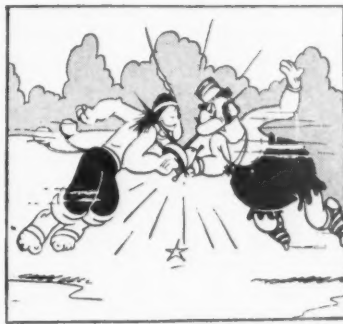
"IF A MAN were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation," wrote Andrew Fletcher in 1703. Today "comic strips" could replace "ballads," for they not only reflect the spirit of the times—they help to mold it.

For years, the United States has exported *Mickey Mouse* and a dozen more such personalities. Now it is importing this form of humor.

Patoruzu is one of the imports. Born in Argentina, he had captured all Latin America before venturing north. He is an Indian with the might of *Superman* and the ingenuousness of *Goofy*.

Here is a sequence showing him (as did Cervantes before him) puncturing the balloon of false "nobility" of birth, and gently deriding the sport of bull-fighting. Amusing? Yes—but somewhat of a sociological document as well!





Nimitz Fires When He Is Ready

[Continued from page 30]

the submarine base at Pearl Harbor. What he knows about subs and his love for that service added to his pleasure when, last January, he was called upon to decorate his son, Lieutenant Chester W. Nimitz, Jr., for prolonged and successful action as a submarine commander against "much" enemy shipping in enemy-controlled waters.

In 1913, still a lieutenant, Nimitz was sent to Germany to study Diesel engines. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves in every important Diesel factory in the country. He talked, ate, and slept Diesels until even his wife, so she says, "learned the lingo of wrist pins and bushings." When he returned, he was the Navy's last word on that subject. He subsequently built and installed the first Diesel engine in an American naval vessel and, to keep an eye on his handiwork, shipped aboard as chief engineer.

During his rise in rank, Nimitz side-stepped none of the diverse schooling by which the Navy trains its commanders. He has served in the engine room or on the bridge of almost everything from gunboats to battleships. Neither, until recently, did he hurry the slow processes of Navy promotion. He was 23 years out of Annapolis before he reached commander's rank; 33 years out before he became a rear admiral. A year later, in June, 1939, he was made Chief of the Navy Department's Bureau of Navigation—a post which is rated second only to that of Chief of Naval Operations.

By seniority, Nimitz was not due for that post. But his record, with a war in prospect, looked more important than his place in line. When word got around that Nimitz was "coming ashore," almost every important bureau in the Navy Department put in a bid for his services. "If there's a war," said one admiral, senior to Nimitz, "he's the man I'd like to get my orders from." Nimitz was probably the only man in the Navy Department who was surprised when, ten days after Pearl Harbor, he was raised to the rank of full admiral and ordered to Hawaii to pick up the pieces, hold off the Japanese, and get the Pacific fleet into the war.

How well he has done that is indicated not only by what happened at Midway, but by the battle of the Coral Sea in May, by the November battle in the Solomons, and by what the Admiral likes to call the "whittling down" of Japanese sea power in innumerable un-headlined engagements by surface and undersea ships.

Nimitz was born in 1885 of German-descended parents in Fredericksburg,

Texas—a town, which, in belligerent Texas fashion, contests the claim upon him of Kerrville, where he was raised and where he is an honorary member of the local Rotary Club. His wife, an accomplished artist, lives in Berkeley, California. Besides their submarine-commander son, they have three daughters.

At Pearl Harbor the Admiral lives with two officers who share his love of good music. They have a large library of symphonic records—and an agreement whereby, when the New York Philharmonic Orchestra is on the air, lights are turned off and conversation is banned.

The Admiral is of moderate height and husky; his thinning hair is white; his eyes amazingly blue. He speaks slowly and with a trace of Texas drawl. He has a lively sense of humor. Many naval officers are familiar with his col-

lection of reasons why a battleship is called "she"—among the less salty being "because it costs a lot to keep her in paint and powder" and "because she loves to rest on the bosom of a swell."

In the Hawaiian Islands—as throughout the rest of his command—Nimitz's authority is supreme. But between him and Lieutenant General Delos C. Emmons, the Army commander in Hawaii, there is the closest cooperation, entirely devoid of interservice antagonisms. Early on the morning after the first day of the Midway battle, an Army truck drew up in front of the Admiral's quarters and two soldiers delivered, through the front door, a case of champagne tied up in red ribbons. With it was General Emmons's card: "The Army's toast to the Navy."

Admiral Nimitz's only impatience on his present job is with the hard fact that the day is gone when fleet commanders can fight from the bridge. The Japanese are now too far from Pearl Harbor to suit his battle tastes. But, for that, Nimitz has no one to blame but himself.

The Post-War-Delivery Plan

Would Result in Regimentation—Ralph W. Robey

[Continued from page 28]

clear to me that, instead of being able to sell billions of dollars of these certificates, as Mr. Nugent claims, it would not be possible to sell more than a handful. Hence, as a means of preventing inflation, or even appreciably helping in the prevention of inflation, the plan would be a complete failure.

We come, then, to the second broad topic mentioned above—the effect of the plan on post-war control of retailing. Obviously, in order to discuss this point, one has to assume, which, as I have indicated, I don't believe would be the case, that if the plan were adopted, an enormous amount of the certificates could be sold—enough to absorb the total output of the industries covered for many months after the war is won and we return to peacetime production. Granting this assumption for the purpose of argument, what would be the effect of the plan upon the control of retailing?

The answer to this question is extremely simple. In the first place, every producer in the lines covered by the plan would have to be compelled to participate. You couldn't possibly make the plan work if, say, Chrysler was a participant, but Ford or General Motors wasn't. Secondly, no new producer could enter these fields of production without Government consent, and without agreeing to accept the certificates

in payment for his products. Thirdly, all distributors would have to be licensed by the Government, and no producer could sell to other than one of these licensed dealers. Fourthly, the price at which the producer could sell his products would have to be determined by the Government, and so would the mark-up and discounts of the distributor. And, finally, all the books and records of both producers and distributors would have to be subject to more or less constant supervision by Government bureaucrats in order to make sure that the products were not being permitted to "leak out" into unauthorized channels or being sold at unauthorized prices.

In other words, if the plan were adopted, and the certificates could be sold, it would result in complete bureaucratic regimentation of the industries concerned. Considered from the point of view of either its ability to prevent inflation or its effect upon post-war retailing, therefore, the plan has nothing to offer.

* * *

Further Reading on Post-War Buying
Post-War Prosperity on the Installment Plan, by Abraham Friedman, *Survey Graphic*, January, 1943.

Priority Plans for Customers, by William J. Enright, *Nation's Business*, September, 1942.

Talking It Over

[Continued from page 4]

Be the one man in your community who is pointed out by everybody as "a man who is doing everything he can to further the war effort."

2. Show due respect for all who are placed in authority. Show respect for the office even if you have none for the man. The authority of almost any man can be seriously undermined by a few well-placed sneers, especially when made by a man who has the honor to be a Rotarian. Of course, war regulations are unjust—so is the war.

3. Publicize liberally the fact that Rotary is behind and under the war effort. Let everybody know that a Rotarian does not drive more than 35 miles an hour, does not hoard, does not lie about what he has or has not, and will willingly and gladly fill out all reports and questionnaires required.

4. Promulgate some well-chosen slogans. We all remember with what deadly effect during World War I we used that slogan "Don't be a slacker." Negative slogans, such as "Don't undermine the war effort," "Don't be a hoarder," etc., are all well and good, but we should also have some positive ones, and these should be easily forthcoming from our supersalesman advertising specialist classification in Rotary.

Why Not 'Superstitute'?

Ask SIR ROBERT GARRAN, Rotarian
Lawyer and Administrator
Canberra, Australia

Surely the answer is "superstitute" in the search for a "new word to designate materials, originally substitutes, which later supplement and supplant the original" [see *Peeps at Things to Come*, December and November, 1942, ROTARIAN].

"Substitute"—something below the real article; something inferior. "Superstitute"—something standing above the real article; something superior, which, now that its superiority is known, will supplant the original thing. Accented "superstitute" like you would the word "superstition."



Sir Robert

Proof of Phonetic Pudding

From H. C. RUPPENTHAL
Tempe, Arizona

My ten years in the Far East with experience in the Philippine schools as supervisor causes me to agree fully with my brother, Rotarian J. C. Ruppenthal, of Russell, Kansas, in emphasizing the universal adoption of a scientific alphabet as "a long step toward international understanding" [see *Hobby Hitching Post*, February ROTARIAN]. Children with no idea of another lan-

guage readily learned English as do our children, but adults were disgusted with our orthography. Only French have I found as difficult in this matter as is English.

In 1898 I read Spanish to Spanish prisoners in Manila when I did not understand what I was reading from *Blanco y Negro*. BUT the unlettered Spaniards fully understood what I read to them, because the spelling was largely phonetic. I have met numerous educated foreigners who read English with understanding, but who would not attempt to speak our language. I am that way with French, and when in France I'd read the instructions, but never attempt to pronounce aloud.

This would be a good thing, but the world moves slowly.

'A Menace . . . a Blasted Nuisance'

Charges G. C. THOMSON, Rotarian
Barrister at Law
Swift Current, Sask., Canada

Your magazine must be a menace to many a home. It is a blasted nuisance to myself. I have been a Rotarian for a dozen years, and have now a pile of pretty nearly 100 issues in home or office. These are special numbers, kept for pleasure reading or for their usefulness in Committee work. Of late I have been taking up one or two every day in a determined effort to destroy them and decrease shelf space. I spend a deal of time on this program, and generally I fail. Your magazine is a menace.

Ol' Man River Footnoted

By F. L. PATTERSON, Insurance
Secretary, Rotary Club
Rock Island, Illinois

Ol' Man River Wakes Up!, by Clarence T. Case [February ROTARIAN], is very interesting to me, since I have spent 58 of my 60 years right here in Rock Island on the Illinois bank of this very river he writes about.

The Mississippi always had a great fascination for me and especially when a small boy, while I had the time to enjoy it, I would be found almost daily along its banks drinking in the ever-changing scenes and watching with much interest the boat activities. In fact, I was among the early amateur camera fiends of this city and pictures of the river boats and scenes were my hobby at the time. . . .

In Rotarian Case's article are some statements which a loyal Rock Islander should hardly be allowed to pass without a challenge. Also, there are some interesting facts which the article did not mention.

In the first place, Davenport, Iowa—across the river from Rock Island—is not generally associated with the entrance of the Hennepin Canal at the Mississippi. Rock Island has always enjoyed this distinction and I believe you will find that the official Government records so state. . . .

Also the official office headquarters of the United States Engineers division of the Army, which has to do with the maintenance of the entire northern sec-

tion of the river for navigation purposes, and which also had complete charge of all the plans, details, and construction of all the many large dams now in use to maintain the six-foot channel to St. Paul, is located right here in Rock Island and has always been.

The supervising officer in charge of this office and work has always been an active member of our Rotary Club. Some very intelligent and high-ranking officers have been stationed here in their line of duty. Colonel Harry Burgess (now deceased) was transferred from here to become the Governor of the Canal Zone. Major General Glen E. Edgerton, the present Governor of the Canal Zone, was another. Major General Raymond A. Wheeler, now located at New Delhi, India, in charge of supplies to aid China, is another. And Brigadier General Charles P. Gross, now in Washington, D. C., in charge of all shipping of supplies overseas, was still another. . . .

Mind Your Matches!

Reminds ESTELLA McCUTCHEON
Librarian
Fort Morgan, Colorado

In looking over an article in the August, 1942, ROTARIAN recently I found something I am sure must have slipped by "the powers that be" in your office. In the article *Packages from Home*, by Gene Gach, I found this serious error: On page 16 is a paragraph containing suggestions for articles to send to servicemen, including "a carton of matches." Surely the author knows it is against the United States postal laws to send such articles as matches through the mail.

Matches may be sent within the continental limits of United States if wrapped according to postal regulations. Persons planning to mail matches should confer with postal authorities before wrapping. Matches may not be mailed overseas.—Eds.

Add: 10 Great Ideas

From ALEX. M. ORMOND, Rotarian
Sugar Manufacturer
Savannah, Georgia

Here are my selections as the "ten great ideas" of all times, following the list published in the February ROTARIAN from Rotarian E. J. Bonner, of Rochester, New York [see *Last Page Comment*]:

(1) Watt, the steam engine; (2) Roentgen, the X ray; (3) Faraday, the electric motor; (4) Otto, the gas engine; (5) Duryea and Haynes, the automobile; (6) Taylor and White, high-speed steel; (7) De Forrest, the thermionic tube; (8) Wright brothers, the airplane; (9) Thomson, electric welding; (10) Edison, the incandescent lamp.

Woonsocket for Ringnecks

Insists KEITH E. SCHULER, Rotarian
Telephone Service
Farmville, Virginia

I agree with Rotarian Clyde C. Wells [see *Talking It Over*, January ROTARIAN] that the picture appearing on the November ROTARIAN cover—Lynn Bogue Hunt's *Ringneck Pheasant*—is well high perfect, but not about Norfolk being the heart of the pheasant hunting section of the country. I think my home town of Woonsocket, South Dakota, can lay more claim to that distinction.

The Shape of Foods to Come

[Continued from page 36]

and tend to destroy food value. In fast freezing, crystals are small and harmless. In addition, quick-frozen foods don't dry out or oxidize.

Here is how peas are processed by the Birdseye method: Within half an hour they go from vining machine which shells them to freezing plant, where they are graded, washed, and blanched in a brief steam bath. After inspection they are packed in wax-board boxes lined with cellophane and placed on deep metal shelves in an insulated cabinet. Then the shelves accordion up until the packages are so tightly sandwiched that air is driven from the cabinet. A refrigerant circulates, freezing the peas in about one and one-half hours.

Freezing time varies with products and methods. The Murphy technique freezes the food on trays on refrigerated shelves. Some foods, like poultry, don't lend themselves well to uniform packaging. An ingenious way of freezing chickens is to thrust paraffin tubes carrying a freezing solution through the birds for 30 to 35 minutes.

No more than dehydrated foods resemble the moist, "dried" dreary what-nots of yesteryear, do quick-frozen foods have the leathery tastelessness associated with "cold storage." Actually they're fresher than fresh. Whisked from field to freezing plant, they retain a quality rare in the "fresh" vegetables found in city markets.

Though the war didn't give birth to quick freezing, it has stimulated its growth. To prevent spoilages under labor shortages in canneries, certain fruits are quick frozen and kept under refrigeration until they can be canned. Exposure to live steam quickly defrosts and peels them. Locker storage plants, a development of the past few years, are now more useful than ever. Like safe-deposit boxes, lockers are rented to farmers, who can freeze and preserve products for their own consumption. Army posts all over the United States store frozen foods in huge quantities.

Frozen food eliminates "out of season," and makes possible the distribution of fresh food the year round at year-round prices. In addition, it reduces transportation burdens. In packaged food, waste—70 percent in cauliflower, 80 percent in red-perch fillets, 25 percent in swordfish, for example—is eliminated before packaging. Perhaps the day is not far off when the housewife will consider it as antiquated to shell her own vegetables as she now considers it to bake her own bread.

3. *New Packaging Methods.* Another method of preserving food, canning, had reached virtual perfection long before the war. But with 90 percent of America's normal tin supply cut off,

canners worked out new kinds of containers.

Glass has been so successful an emergency container that many products will continue to find a home in it. The only reasons that use of glass has been slowed down are that machinery necessary for processing in glass instead of in tin cans is hard to get, and that glass requires rubber closures.

Cans, those old stand-bys, have learned new tricks. Tin cans aren't really tin; they're steel, coated with tin that prevents food from touching the steel and becoming contaminated. The old "hot dip" method of manufacturing tin cans requires one and one-half pounds of tin to approximately every 100 pounds of steel. A new method of coating the steel with tin by electrolysis, similar to the method used for nickel or chromium plating, reduces the amount of tin needed by two-thirds. For low-acid products, tin can now be entirely eliminated through the use of Bonderized steel. Bonderizing is a process whereby "black sheet"—the steelmakers' term for uncoated, but still shiny, sheet steel—is made rust and corrosion resistant with an iron-phosphate coating. Bonderized steel takes lacquer or enamel, which is applied to the inside of the can.

Some substitutes now used in canning are so successful that laboratory people

refer to them as "alternates." Indium, a little used metal, is helping to fill the tin breach. Silver, in thicknesses of 1/100 of an inch, serves as plating, also as a component of solder. Cellophane-lined fiber containers are germproof, insectproof, and heat resistant. Paper, covered with paraffin, chemically treated or laminated, safely surrounds many kinds of foods. Waterproof sealed fiber containers withstand insects and extreme temperature, air, and water conditions.

Other war adaptations that may change our menus relate to *new uses of old products*. Peanuts and soybeans give us the oils that used to be olive. Gelatin now has a rôle as a butter extender. There's a boom in "coffee" frankly made of cereal. Soybeans are just beginning to come into their own as food;* they can be baked, boiled, and eaten like any other beans. Soybean flour stretches the precious meat in sausages. It's anybody's guess how many of these "alternates" will survive on dining-room tables after the war.

Meanwhile, each war-modified container is a triumph of ingenuity; each quick-frozen pound of fish, meat, vegetables, or fruits is keeping food fresh for the lean season or the faraway place; and, above all, as Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard says, "Every ton of water drawn out of milk, meat, eggs, fruits, or vegetables is like a ton of bombs dropped on the Axis."

* See *Soya Can Do!*, by Robert M. Yoder and George Thiem, March, 1943, ROTARIAN.

Men to Man Tomorrow's Wings!

[Continued from page 22]

working for Uncle Sam had ten years of model building. After two weeks at the field he found himself classified with employees who had received three months' training. Only the other day Eero Koskinen, an infantile-paralysis victim, of Teaneck, New Jersey, left school to start experimental model-plane building for the Navy. His school model-making had called attention to him. At one National Model Airplane Meet two brothers, sons of a high-school science teacher of Kalamazoo, Michigan, guided their model plane up to nearly 10,000 feet by remote control—an improvement in radio knowledge and technique that has already taken them both to Wright Field. They are now doing experimental work for the Army.

When Hinckley first started his "air conditioning" crusade, there were almost no aviation training centers in the country, aside from that of the Army at Randolph Field, Texas, and the Navy Training Center at Pensacola, Florida. Hinckley, with John W. Studebaker, United States Commissioner of Educa-

tion, started stirring up school authorities. They talked to 400 teachers and principals at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and 450 more at Newark, New Jersey. Teachers from five States assembled at Minneapolis. Some crowds ran to 1,400.

Through the Civil Aeronautics Authority, seven new regional pilot training centers were developed. By the end of the year 435 universities and colleges were taking part in the aviation program. By 1941 there were 900 training centers. Then came war. After Pearl Harbor, Hinckley's spadework flowered in a tremendous extension of preflight aeronautics courses for high-school juniors and seniors. At the end of the regular school term in 1942, many cities were offering 20-hour-a-week Summer courses to applicants for aviation enlistment. Under the lash of military necessity, the United States caught up with Germany's program in two strides.

I visited one preflight class in Washington, where you find aviation courses in all the city high schools. In it were 22 boys and one girl. Each wanted to

be a pilot. Six were willing to compromise on aeronautical engineering. Five admitted they would be glad to be mechanics. One wanted work with dirigibles. They were discussing problems that would never occur to anyone unconcerned with flying. In a steep bank, for example, which wing of the plane carries the heavier load? (It seems one wing does!) And why? Their teacher, Mrs. P. T. Robinson, was a co-author of the new textbook on aeronautics they were using, *Before You Fly*. Before she flew, Mrs. Robinson had taught English and history.

EVERYWHERE there has been an upsurge of physics and mathematics courses for preflight training. Algebra, geometry, trigonometry, and calculus bob up during actual operations: bomb-sights have to be changed in the wink of an eye and a whole new set of calculations accurately made as a plane sweeps over a target. The slightest error in almost instantaneously made calculations may mean the difference between life and death for an entire crew.

It's hard work. With a war on, there's incentive enough to keep the boys plugging. But there's little of the glamour of actual flying about it. Hardly one in 100 of the preflight candidates' teachers have flown. They don't speak the language of the flying fields. "Upstairs" to most of them means—just "upstairs." Their students will get their real "air conditioning" after they leave school.

Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm (now a retired major-general) was the first Army officer in the world to solo in a plane. In 1909 Wilbur Wright taught him how to fly one of the original "flying front porches."

"I suppose you've been reading up on flying?" Wright asked him before they started out.

"Yes, indeed," Lahm answered. "I've read everything I could get my hands on. I think I'm pretty well posted."

"Well," Wright said, "forget it. Come along and we'll get our hands dirty."

It all pays, however. Nine out of ten boys with C.A.A. preliminary training finished their later Army training successfully. As against this record, only 62 percent of candidates without C.A.A. training became pilots. The dollars-and-cents' value of this can be judged by the fact that boys "washed out" in the Army program represented an expenditure of about \$1,500 apiece.

There is, at last, a real effort to give an air-hungry generation what it wants. More than 50,000 persons, I was told, have tried their hand at the Link trainer at the Franklin Institute. At Boston a low-speed wind tunnel, 18 feet long and five feet in diameter, has been constructed through the interest of members of the Junior Aviation League—one of America's oldest and most active

model-airplane clubs. A less elaborate wind tunnel that can be bought for \$10 is now about to be manufactured commercially under the supervision of the National Aeronautical Association.

More than 100 model airports of varying dimensions have now been constructed for different schools and aviation clubs. A California company furnishes blueprints and all specifications of a two-wheel "preflight trainer." Although it will not actually leave the ground it gets its tail up promptly and permits learning the controls.

At Cornell University last Fall, 17 high-school teachers finished a course in glider construction—will now carry their knowledge to high schools throughout eastern New York State.

In Minnesota Governor Harold Stassen has helped lay the foundation for a State program of gliding and soaring.

Denver University now gives a course in gliding to college students. In Chicago the Junior Chamber of Commerce has sponsored glider work and clubs.

But the biggest part of the job, of catching boy and girl interest in aviation and guiding it toward the Air Age, is still to be done. If it is done effectively, it will be as good for the schools as for the students. Parents can help materially in sponsoring and supervising the groups and activities of young aviation enthusiasts. The Junior Air Reserve will help start new groups.

Rotary has been quietly but potently active in promoting boys' and girls' aviation interest. During the last few years Clubs in many States, as well as in Canada, have sponsored junior aviation activities. In Larchmont and in Rochester, New York; in Whittier, California; and in New Philadelphia, Ohio, Rotarians have sponsored model-airplane contests. At Dedham, Massachusetts, the Boys Work Committee formed a class in aviation instruction that enrolled about 60 boys. At Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, Canada, a model-aircraft school with more than 30 members did excellent work. For years a model-airplane club has hummed along at Woodstock, Ontario. A number of former members of the Club are now in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Then there's Avon Park, Florida—but you Rotarians know better than I the many foresighted efforts you are putting forth. I urge you to keep up the good work—to expand it if you can.

On the ceiling of the National Aeronautical Association secretary's room in Washington, there have been pasted flight upon flight of planes. They furnish a constant reminder of what the skies of tomorrow will be like. No one can look up at that ceiling without getting an exhilarating sense of the great air adventure that towers ahead of us. It's up to you and me, Dad, to see that our young folks are ready for it.

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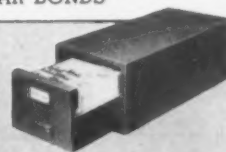


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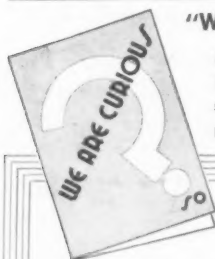
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HOBBY

Hitching Post

ONCE AGAIN the great fraternity of I-Rake-n-Hoe is getting ready for its annual meeting with the Aphids and Fungi. One of these amateur gardeners—a true "green thumb" despite his brief experience—is ROTARIAN D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD, chaplain of Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California. Listen—as he tells all here about the pleasures and prickles of the gardening hobby.

MOST MEN choose their hobby, but mine was thrust upon me. Having given most of my mature life to scholarly pursuits, I suppose I had no time for such foolishness as gardening and made no effort to develop any powers in that direction, though I had grown up on a farm and was accustomed to hard physical work. Seven years ago I could tell the difference between a geranium and a rose, but my knowledge of flowers did not go much further. Now the cultivation of dozens of kinds of flowers and shrubs is one of my keenest pleasures, my real avocation.

The sudden beginning of gardening as my hobby came when my wife and I decided to buy a house and grounds, sight unseen. I had just been appointed to a professorship at Stanford University, and we determined that we were through with moving. We knew we should be tired after crossing the continent to Palo Alto with our small children, and we vowed we should have a house of our own to settle in at once. Accordingly, we bought a place on the Stanford campus, though we were 3,000 miles away and had never seen the house. As we did this by means of photographs and testimonials, we felt reasonably safe.

The house was set in grounds of about an acre, planted to lawn, trees, shrubs, and flowers. They looked well in the photographs and I undertook, with boldness born of ignorance, the task of caring for a large garden, under conditions wholly unfamiliar. I am glad to report now, in the light of the experience of the intervening years, that I am not sorry I made the venture.

Though my ignorance of flowers was almost complete when I began, I found real joy in learning the habits of different species, seeking to match each to its appropriate soil and shade or sunlight. My greatest single satisfaction has come from a bed of camellias, which started out the hard way. I had to grub some overgrown shrubs and prepare the heavy adobe soil, adding judicious mixtures of sand, arranging what is known as plateau planting, about five inches above the regular level of the garden. The camellias, with plenty of water, partly conserved by a generous coating of peat moss, have blossomed lavishly, one bush this year presenting more than

100 glorious red flowers in the middle of Winter. Azaleas, too, give much satisfaction, especially when they are placed partly under bushes, so that their flowers peep out shyly at the observer. Roses are a joy, but they are hungry beggars, always wanting to be fed.

The gardener soon learns that gardening involves a rich variety of tasks. He must be able to spade, to weed, to transplant, to prune, to protect from pests, and a hundred other things. Any powers a man has will come in handy. Last Spring my garden gave me an opportunity I had always secretly craved: the chance to build stone walls. It was clear that our landscaping could be improved by a sharper division between lawn and flower space. I decided to make terraces, raising the flowers above the lawn, and building low retaining walls to hold the terraces. Accordingly, I bought 15 tons of rough stones, and lifted all into place with my own hands, often working all evening and until after dark. It is good to match one's wits against stubborn rocks, until they really fit into a solid wall.

It is a great mistake to suppose that gardening is entirely, or chiefly, a matter of physical labor. Every rose has its thorn and the chief thorn of gardening is that it does not really give relaxation to the brain worker, for it is



RARE POSE. Rotarian D. E. Trueblood, of Palo Alto, Calif., has no time for shovel leaning. His camellia bed keeps him busy.

largely brain work itself. I do not mind using my physical strength and I am never so happy as when spading—provided I am not, at the same time, worried by some other task that cries out for a worker. What I resent is the constant necessity of thought. How hard it is, for example, to know *when* to move the soil. If it is moved when it is too wet, it bakes into clods that will not soften all Summer. If one waits too long, it is so hard and dry it is almost impossible to handle.

Now, when I get out of my professional study, I ought to relax mentally. But this is precisely what the successful gardener cannot do. It is possible, therefore, that it is a great mistake for college professors to own gardens, since vocation and avocation are far too similar. In fact, gardens undoubtedly detract materially from the literary and scientific production of college faculties. How can you think about the problem of monetary reform or atomic structure while worrying over the control of fungus growth?

In making an honest confession, I may as well mention two other drawbacks to gardening, so that the prospective amateur may enter the avocation knowing the worst. One is the existence of pests. It is easy to love rabbits and quail and many other of God's little creatures until you try to grow flowers and small vegetables, but the gardener soon ceases to be sentimental about them. Would that somebody would write about the depredations of Peter Rabbit, from the point of view of Mr. McGregor, rather than that of poor little Peter.

A final drawback to gardening is that a man can never rest, once he has begun. There is always work crying out to be done. And, to make it worse, evil-minded editors, sitting in city offices, make out lists of what must be done each month. As I write these words, I am conscious that I am using stolen time. As I write, the weeds grow, the crust hardens over tiny seeds, the quail feast on the new Spring peas, and the snails build up their population enormously.

But, bad as it sounds, I would not change my hobby for any other. Once a man has learned the magic of changing soil and water and air into glorious fragrance and color, he is caught. And when a grand Spring day comes along, he sings, as he pushes his wheelbarrow, for he knows he has found one of the glorious ways of staying sane in a mad and sorrowing world. He can truthfully say of gardening what old Merlin said about King Arthur:

*Yet take thou heed of him, for so thou pass
Beneath this archway, then wilt thou be-
come
A thrall to his enchantments.*

For many years EUGENE HEMMICK, a retired florist of Springfield, Illinois, has made a hobby of honoring his fellow Rotarians on their birthday anniversaries by presenting them with a rose and reading an original poem to them at a Club meeting. The accompanying photo shows him pinning a rose on DWIGHT H. GREEN, Governor of the State of Illinois, on the occasion of



ROSE Pinner Hemmick buttonholes Governor.

his recent 46th birthday anniversary. GOVERNOR GREEN is an honorary member of the Springfield Club. On ROTARIAN HEMMICK's anniversary the Club presents him with a basket of roses, one for each year—it now takes nearly 80!

What's Your Hobby?

Maybe it's gardening, perhaps its collecting stamps or miniature dolls of other lands or coins—or half a thousand other things. If you'd like to contact others with a similar bent, THE HOBBYHORSE GROOM will list you below—without charge—if you are a Rotarian or a member of a Rotarian's family. He asks but one thing as a matter of courtesy—that you acknowledge correspondence from other hobbyists.

Ornithology: Stuart Houston (son of Rotarian—interested in all forms of Nature, especially ornithology), Box 642, Yorkton, Sask., Canada.

Coins: Rev. Julian M. Bishop (collects Indian head pennies, Morgan dimes, and Liberty head quarters; also desires 1909 S-VDB Lincoln penny, 1924 D Lincoln penny, and 1930 S and 1931 D Mercury dimes), Box 442, New Hartford, N. Y., U.S.A.

Campaign Buttons: G. S. Curtis (collects and will exchange national political campaign buttons and badges; also collects Christmas seals), P. O. Box 336, Monterey, Calif., U.S.A.

Poetry: Mrs. H. V. Gordon (wife of Rotarian—collects original, heretofore unpublished poems, and data on American authors of poetry), San Benito, Tex., U.S.A.

Poetry: Mrs. M. B. Blouke (mother-in-law of Rotarian—collects verse), 842 Sterling St., LaSalle, Ill., U.S.A.

Buttons: Mrs. E. H. Alexander (daughter-in-law of deceased Rotarian—collects old and odd button charm strings; will exchange), P. O. Box 2662, Station C, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

Mineralogy: Anne W. Corrough (young daughter of Rotarian—will exchange crystals for crystals and other stones), 163 Clifton Ave., Highland Park, Ill., U.S.A.

Pen Pals: Marjorie Gilstrap (daughter of Rotarian—wishes correspondence with pen pals ages 14-16 in Eastern and Southern States of U.S.A.), 608 W. Sixth St., Taylor, Tex., U.S.A.

Buttons: Mrs. Roy Walker (wife of Rotarian—collects buttons; will exchange), 15 Benton St., Eureka Springs, Ark., U.S.A.

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(Continued on next page)



"I MAY BE a little late tonight, sir. Don't wait up!"

My Favorite Story

Two dollars will be paid to Rotarians or their wives submitting stories used under this heading. Send entries to Stripped Gears, THE ROTARIAN Magazine, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago. The following is submitted as a favorite of Dr. Thomas S. Burr, Secretary of the Rotary Club of Rumford, Maine.

A professor of English in one of our institutions of higher learning, whose ears had become shocked by the language of the campus, which was finding its way even into the themes submitted by his students, addressed his class one day as follows:

"Young ladies and gentlemen, there are two words in our language which I can no longer tolerate. Any student whom I find guilty of using either of these words in his everyday speech, or in his written exercises, shall receive a zero for the entire semester's work. One of the words is swell, the other is lousy."

The professor paused, to permit his pronouncement to sink in, whereupon a sweet young thing in the front row shyly raised her hand and said, "But, professor, you haven't told us what the words are."

Missing Vowels

Insert a vowel wherever there is an "x" in the following nine cities of the Rotary world. When they are complete, arrange them one below the other and adjust them, by moving them from left to right, so that reading a row of letters downward you will find what members of Rotary Clubs are called.

1. Kxtrxnhxhxm. 2. Sxglxfjxrdxr. 3. Mxtxchxn. 4. Rxckhxmxptxn. 5. Mxr-

cxrsbxrg. 6. Txgxcxgxlpx. 7. Pxneh-
txxxlx. 8. Cxtxndxvx. 9. Rxmsgxtx.

Geographical Quiz

Following are names of well-known islands and rivers of the world. Example: A consonant and a stone for sharpening cutting instruments. Answer: Rhone (river).

1. A young woman and two pronouns. 2. Recent, fervor, and a conjunction. 3. A pronoun and to convert to one's service. 4. A frozen dessert and ground. 5. Germinated grain and a vowel. 6. Produced, a pronoun, and the principal diety of historical Egypt.

Poetic Enigma

My first is in play, but not in work,
My second in knife, but not in dirk,
My third is in run, but not in walk,
My fourth is in leer, but not in gawk,
My fifth is in yell, but not in cried,
My whole a Rotarian known far and wide.

The answers to the three puzzles above will be found on page 63.

Rebellion

Once again I'm asked to sing
To this oddity called Spring,
Make poetic highbrow cracks,
E'en while digging up my tax.

Pressed to rave o'er tree and bud,
With my car stuck in the mud,
Told to burgeon into verse,
Cleaning house—that white man's curse.

Urged to chant the new-come flowers,
Sopping wet in April showers,
Begged to strike an ardent lyre,
Longing for my furnace fire.

Nagged to rant of skies so blue,
Coming down with Summer flu,
With my dripping nose and eyes,
DARNED if I'll apostrophize!

—LOUISE RABB

Tales Twice Told

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it.—Shakespeare

Ah, Spring!

The fisherman who used to catch old brass beds and tires can hardly wait until Spring.—The New Zizzer, PLAINVIEW, TEXAS.

Going Up!

An aged woman, upon her first visit to the city, was spending the night in a hotel.

"I tell you I will not have this room," she said to the bellboy whom she was following. "I will not pay my good money for a closet with a little folding

bed in it. If you think that just because I am from the country. . . ."

Much disgusted, the boy cut short her objection. "Get in, madam. This is not your room. This is the elevator."
—Robert Hicks, Potomac State School, KEYSER, WEST VIRGINIA.

Knockout

"Good gosh, officer," exclaimed a citizen to a policeman, "what were those two men fighting over that they battered each other so badly?"

"They were arguing," explained the officer, "what kind of a peace settlement we should have after the war."—Rotawca, OTTAWA, KANSAS.

Handout

George: "When it comes to eating, you have to hand it to Venus de Milo."
Mary: "Why?"

George: "How else could she eat?"—Rotogram, LAKEPORT, CALIFORNIA.

Household Hintz

A woman is someone who will need new drapes to go with the upholstery she has in mind to match the drapes.—The Ro-ta-tor, CISCO, TEXAS.

Definition

Tact—making your company feel at home when you wish they were.—The Rotator, ABILENE, TEXAS.

Next Word Missing

The teen-age girl approached her mother one day looking very serious. "Mother," she said, "how do you talk to boys?"

"How do you mean?" questioned her mother.

"Well, when my boy friend comes over, I say, 'Hello, Butch,' and he says, 'Hiya, Stinky. What's cookin'?' And then I don't know what to say next."—Rotary Club Bulletin, BRENHAM, TEXAS.

Counterpoint

It is terrible, says a critic, to hear people coming in while a play is in progress. It is more terrible to hear them going out.—Dublin Opinion, IRELAND.

Stop!

Read the unfinished limerick below (it should have five lines, of course). Then phrase another line and send it to The Fixer, Stripped Gears Department, in care of "The Rotarian" Magazine, 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois. If yours is the best line submitted, you will receive a check for \$2. The entry deadline is June 1.—Gears Editors.

Let Huit Duit

We wish we were more like Jack Huit, He's one man who knows how to duit, For jobs great or small— He'll tackle 'em all.

In the back of your dictionary is a vocabulary of rhymes. It is there to give you help if you need it—to finish the limerick above. But you'll probably not need it. You can "go to town" without it. Start driving now!

Sough, Dough!

Mr. Lear, of whom THE FIXER wrote in limerick form in the January ROTARIAN, proved a popular fellow, so popular that if all the last lines submitted to complete the bobtailed limerick about him were stretched from here to there—well, they would stretch from here to there. But the one which hit the hardest was from Edward Morrissey, of Albany, New York. The complete "lim":
We've got a Club member named Lear,
Who said, "As we begin the New Year,
With brains and my dough
We'll do such-and-sough,
And we'll shough we can groug, never phear!"

Answers to Puzzles on Page 62

MISSING VOWELS: Members of Rotary Clubs are called Rotarians. 1. KatRineholm (Sweden). 2. SiglufjOrdur (Iceland). 3. MeTuchen (New Jersey, U.S.A.). 4. RockhAmpton (Australia). 5. MercelRsburg (Pennsylvania, U.S.A.). 6. Teguelgalpa (Honduras). 7. PonchAtoula (Louisiana, U.S.A.). 8. CataNduva (Brazil). 9. RamS-gate (England).

GEOGRAPHICAL QUIZ: 1. Missouri (river). 2. New Zealand (island). 3. Meuse (river). 4. Iceland (island). 5. Malta (island). 6. Madeira (island).

POETIC ENIGMA: Perry (Chesley R., Secretary of Rotary International, 1910-42).



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"TM AFRAID we're through, Morris—I don't think we can weather another boom."

The Four Objects OF Rotary

To encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise, in particular to encourage and foster:

- (1) The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service.
- (2) High ethical standards in business and professions, the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations, and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occu-

pation as an opportunity to serve society.

- (3) The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life.
- (4) The advancement of international understanding, goodwill, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the idea of service.

Last Page Comment

We must remember that next to active military service itself, there is no higher opportunity for serving our country than helping youth to carry on in their efforts to make themselves physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, and prepared to help their country to the full in time of war, as well as in time of peace.—FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

THE ACCENT ON YOUTH in this issue will call your attention to Boys and Girls Week which a great many Rotary Clubs in the United States will observe this month. If you are interested in plans, see page 46. The hue and cry about increasing juvenile delinquency is loud these days—and justified. For the person who wants to do something about it, Boys and Girls Week offers a ready-made device. A Rotary Club back of it will accomplish wonders for boy- and girl-dom in any community.

HEEDING A WAR-MADE NEED, Rotary's Board of Directors urges Clubs to set up Committees that will give confidential business counsel to distressed members. The idea worked in World War I, will work again. You will recall that Walter B. Pitkin suggested its revival in an article in this magazine last June. "Tom Davis Committees," he thought, might be a good name. He'd got the idea from Rotary's then President. By any name the plan merits wide adoption. To whom might a worried businessman better turn than to his fellow Rotarians?

A BIT OF NEWS of the sort that seldom if ever makes the headlines comes from Galesburg, Illinois. There a laundry burned. While it was being rebuilt, a competitor opened his plant to employees of the stricken

laundry so that business could be carried on and customers served almost as usual. Maybe it will add to interest in the event to note that the man who had the hard luck is a Kiwanian and the good-business Samaritan is a Rotarian —George M. Strain.



*Be Rough
on
Pack Rats!*

"PSSST!" they whisper, "I heard from my cousin's maid's boy friend it's going to be rationed. Stock up on it now. Store it in your attic!"

They do. Others become panicky, too—and a shortage is created where none was before.

"See!" they say, "I told you so. But I know someone who can get it for you. He sells at only a little more than ceiling price, but—"

So black markets spring up—furtively usually, but sometimes in erstwhile respectable places. And who's to blame?"

You're right. The pack rats.

Also those who aid, abet, or condone them.

POINT RATIONING is "old stuff" to Britons. Of necessity a complex program, it cannot be explained too thoroughly to the public if it is to work. Therein lies an opportunity for Rotarians in countries such as the United States where it is beginning to operate. As men of influence on the Main Streets of 3,383 American towns and cities, they can do much to help create an understanding of the need for, operation of, and gains from this wartime

system of sharing the goods. Local authorities will be glad to supply full information to any Club program chairman. U. S. Rotarians have "gone to town" on scrap, bonds, blood banks. They are answering this new call to Community-Vocational Service in the same spirit.

SOMEONE HAS SAID, or should have, that a Rotary Club is a lending library of ideas which, carried back to Main Street, can enrich all business. Best recent example of this comes from New York. Up on Fourth Avenue is a firm making portable X-ray units by the thousand for the United States Army. Shockproof, foolproof, and collapsible to steamer trunk size these units are saving lives all along United Nations fronts. But that's not the story. This is: The Rotarian who is producing these lifesavers has voluntarily turned back over a million dollars in profits to the Government, and has limited his profits for the duration to those of 1940. No one, he says, should be made more comfortable by the war. His name? James Picker.

JOBS FOR EX-SOLDIERS are already a problem demanding action in Britain. Rotary Clubs there have been asked by the alert R.I.B.I. Vocational Service Committee to assist in finding employment for officers over 45 years of age below the rank of lieutenant colonel, and men of the C-3 grade who have been, or are being, demobilized. "They are the sort of people," the Committee's statement reads, "who can be fitted in suitably after a little training."

Britain has been at war three years. Only a trickle of discharged men are now returning to civilian life, but they are the vanguard of the armies to be demobilized when peace comes. British Rotarians are to be commended on the forehanded way they are grappling with the re-employment problem now. Their experience should provide invaluable lessons for Rotarians in other parts of the warring world when Johnnies, by the millions, come marching home again.

— your Editor

A Wartime Challenge

The Board of Directors of Rotary International has adopted and authorized the publication of the following statement in order to create greater interest in and bring about a better understanding of the Vocational Service phase of the Rotary program.

WORLD-WIDE war upheavals affecting almost every type of business and professional endeavor challenge Rotarians to practice Vocational Service as never before in order to attain the Second Object and through their example and influence everywhere to promote the spread of the same ideals to all businesses and professions. Rotarians everywhere are expected to do their utmost, both individually and through their vocations, to serve their respective Governments in their wartime efforts.

Confidence is essential to the success of private enterprise both in the war effort and in the post-war period. Without confidence business as a private institution is not likely to survive. Confidence can be maintained only through active ethical performance and "the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society." Many relationships enter into the building of confidence including those with employees, buyers, sellers, competitors, the Government, and the public at large.

Both Clubs and members are challenged to study and understand Vocational Service (business and professional standards) in all of its relationships, both technical and human, through revitalized program emphasis. Each Rotarian is urged to examine carefully and to improve the practices in his own business; then, by example and influence, to raise the business and professional standards of his fellow Rotarians and others in his own community.

Rotary Clubs have great opportunities now to work for the occupational survival of many of their members—to aid and advise those who of war necessity must change to other lines of endeavor.

Rotarians are further obligated to exert their positive influence to raise the standards of practice in their craft associations in which it is presumed they hold membership.

By word and deed Rotarians should continually present sound and effective arguments for the reestablishment of private enterprise when the war emergency ends.

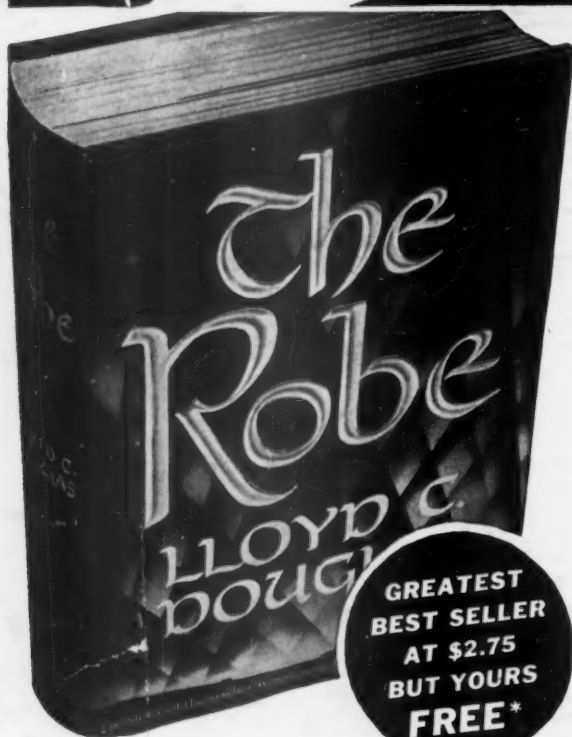
Such a program, successfully accomplished, will through the restoration of confidence automatically remove the necessity for many of the governmental controls now surrounding private enterprise.

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Marcellus was a hardened soldier, but no brute. He loathed the task he had to carry out that day, for he already felt that Jesus was an extraordinary and innocent man, and his trial a farce. When one of his soldiers brazenly took for his own the seamless Robe of Jesus, Marcellus insisted that he should at least cast lots for it—and the dice gave the robe to Marcellus!

And then the real story begins, for the sacred garment had a power in the after life of Marcellus, and in the lives of others, that was nothing less than magical! Merely touching it healed him of his almost insane remorse for his part in the crucifixion, and sent him wandering through Judea in search of the secret of Jesus' power to inspire the devotion of his followers—even unto death!

What Marcellus found out on his journeys through Palestine, and his thrilling adventures, make an intense and gripping story. He meets the Big Fisherman, none other than Peter; witnesses Stephen's martyrdom. Through the questing eyes of Marcellus you will take part in many other familiar New Testament events. And in addition, you get a true historic picture of the growth of Christianity in the First Century, when it was supremely perilous even to admit that you were a "Christian"! But when Marcellus returned to Rome, himself now a believer, he found that in spite of merciless persecution, the Christians were already numbered by thousands in Rome—and the Christ's world-wide kingdom was already foreshadowed! With this thrilling plot Lloyd Douglas has created his greatest novel, and also his longest—which he has been preparing to write for thirty years! Now, at last, he has finished it—and you can have a copy free if you accept Guild membership at once. Thousands are paying \$2.75 to read it in the publisher's edition. Mail the coupon now for your FREE copy!

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